

APRIL 1, 1941

Liberty 5¢



EASTER 1941

How many "\$5,000 cars" can you name today?

NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO, every community had its families who paid four, five, or six thousand dollars for their motor cars.

Some of the makers of those cars are still in business today, and making finer cars now than they have ever made. But their highest-priced cars today sell far below those prices of a few years ago.

The cost of quality in motor cars

has come down a long way. We take occasion to point that out because we at Ford have probably done more than anybody else to bring it down.

We have done it by refusing to believe that a low-priced motor car has to be inferior to a high-priced one in the quality of its design, construction, or materials.

Out of this conviction up to now have come nearly 29 million Ford

cars—each of them a finer car than it had to be in terms of any standards for its price when it was made.

Out of this conviction, it has become possible for the low-price car buyer to have the type of engine that only the most expensive cars had before.

Through 38 years we have earned for the Ford its title of Quality Car of the Low-Price Field. And we shall keep on earning it from here.



Some Ford Advantages for 1941:

NEW ROOMINESS. Bodies of the big 1941 Ford are longer and wider this year. Front seating width, for instance, is increased as much as seven inches.

SOFT, QUIET RIDE. A new Ford ride, with new frame and stabilizer, softer springs and improved shock absorbers.

GREAT POWER WITH ECONOMY. This year, more than ever, Ford owners are enthusiastic about the economy and fine all-round performance of Ford cars.

BIG WINDOWS. Windshield and windows increased all around to give nearly four square feet of added vision area in each '41 Ford Sedan.

LARGEST HYDRAULIC BRAKES in the Ford price field. 12-inch drums. For added safety, longer brake-lining wear.

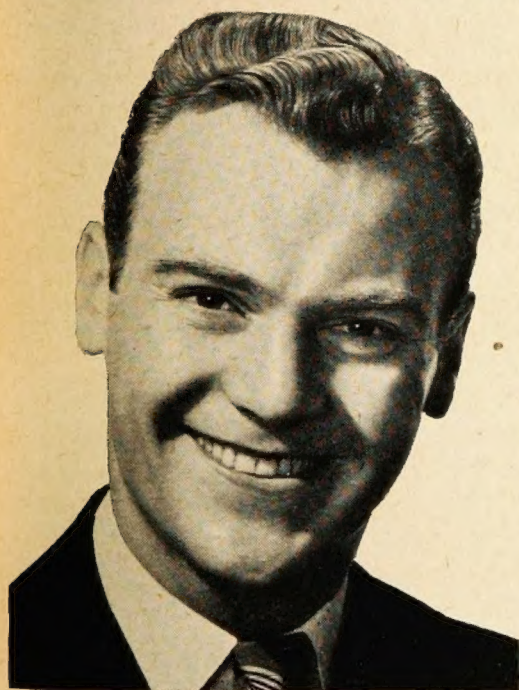
**GET THE FACTS AND
YOU'LL GET A FORD!**



At the first sign of infectious dandruff... **LISTERINE!**



See how it attacks annoying flakes



Scalp is healthier, cleaner



Feel how it invigorates your scalp

When ugly flakes and scales begin to speck your clothes, when your scalp begins to itch annoyingly and inflammation may be present . . . it's time to act—and act *fast!*

Nature may be warning you that infectious dandruff has set in . . . may be telling you to do something about it before it gets any worse.

Start now with Listerine Antiseptic. Just douse it on your scalp and hair morning and night and follow with vigorous and persistent massage.

This is the simple medical treatment which has shown such outstanding results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases . . . the easy method used by thousands in their own homes.

Listerine often brings quick improvement, because it gives both hair and

scalp an antiseptic bath. The loosened dandruff scales begin to disappear. Your scalp feels healthier, more invigorated. And meanwhile, Listerine Antiseptic is killing millions of germs on scalp and hair, including the queer "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding authorities as a causative agent of the infectious type of dandruff.

Clinical results of this simple, pleasant treatment have been literally amazing. In one test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't waste any time. You may have a real infection, so begin today with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. To save yourself money, buy the large economy-size bottle.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE TREATMENT

that brought improvement to 76% of cases in a clinical test

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

O. J. ELDER
PUBLISHERFULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEFWALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

EASTER, 1941!

THE truth, having once been spoken, cannot be destroyed. It may be denounced, but it will reassert itself; it may be spat upon, but it will cleanse itself; it may be crucified, but it will be resurrected.

That is the final lesson of Easter.

For thousands of years that beacon to faith has been lifting man from brutishness to civilization. The written record of this rise is scant. We have the efforts of the great lawgivers—of Hammurabi, Moses, Solon, the Hebrew prophets, the Greek and Chinese philosophers, Isaiah, Micah, Lao-tse, Confucius, Plato, and Aristotle, Gautama—each marked a milestone in civilization because each in his own tongue spoke the truth. More, each led mankind a step higher on the ladder of civilization even as a fond parent teaches a child to crawl and walk.

And so Jesus appeared among men to speak the truth. He was reviled and rejected and crucified. Yet the truth was resurrected. And now after nineteen hundred and forty-one years, an ever-increasing number of the human family recognize the truth as Jesus spoke it.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" It was Cain, the first killer, who asked that. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It was Christ who said that. What centuries of civilization—of compassion and mercy and social responsibility stand between these two ways of life!

"Am I my brother's keeper?" What difference does it make to me that others suffer, that they are hungry, that they live in fear? What does anything matter to me, so long as I am well fed and secure?

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Jesus speaks no mealy-mouthed modifications. Here, then, is the noblest of all truths: the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God.

It is impossible for any civilized person to fail to apply this fundamental Christian teaching to the unfortunate days through which we are passing. It may seem to us that all the world is cracking up. Perhaps we feel that every noble idea of the human soul is being flouted by a return to barbarism.

We witness daily the bombing of innocent civilians. We look at photographs of women and children burrowing in shelters. We see in the newsreels the magnificent treasures of a thousand years of civilization crushed into rubble. We hear

of millions of women and children starving because they have been cut off from their food supply. We project ourselves into the future and wonder whether our way of life—democracy, liberty, private enterprise, general education, constitutional government—may not perish from the earth.

No wonder, then, if some of us grow disheartened and pessimistic at every trick and device of the destroyer. We ask, some of us, why it is that the Nazis seem to be so much more efficient than the democracies. We even begin to wonder whether we ought not to ape their ways, to imitate their controls, to adopt their brutalities, that we of the democracies might not overcome viciousness by even greater viciousness.

And then the inner voice speaks to us. The story of the Resurrection appears before our eyes. And the very last words of Matthew inspire us to look toward a better day, for he reports Jesus as saying: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

That brings us to a further consideration of the problems that face us. Are we nearing the end of civilization? Assuredly we are not! Just think: where stand today the ruins of the golden age of Pericles, of ancient Greece, in that very Athens where once Socrates was murdered as the corrupter of youth, a brave and gallant people today have rekindled for the whole of Europe the fire of liberty. Shall we say that the spirit of Marathon and Thermopylae is dead? Shall we say that the glories of Greece are no more?

Or even in England, where wrack and ruin mark the flight of the Nazi bombers, has not the spirit that once forced a vain king to sign the Magna Charta reasserted itself? Have not the muddling British themselves been resurrected from a lethargy which made them late but not too late? Shall we believe that even the Germany of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine, the Germany of the glorious Ninth Symphony of Beethoven will long continue to suffer the bondage of scurrilous despotism?

No, man is not being driven back to the black clay of barbarism. Our civilization is not being destroyed. Our world is not coming to an end.

True, we are suffering a crucifixion of the spirit. But the day is surely coming when we shall be resurrected into a superior world of brotherhood and love.

That is the promise of Easter.

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LIBERTY'S SCOOP IN THE DODD DIARY

SEATTLE, WASH.—An hour or two after January 25 Liberty was on the stands a student blew into my office and asked me if I had read the current installment of Ambassador Dodd's Diary. I said I had read the first installment, so he reminded me that the second part was at the moment available, and informed me that there was a brief extract referring to myself. So I glanced through the copy.

I was startled for a moment but then was pleased to see that it was a professor from another university. I would not like to be accused by Ambassador Dodd of seeing mirages. In the next column I saw a ten-line entry which mentioned that I had discussed with Dodd the tremendous growth of the German air force even as early as 1934, and had given him the location of a few of their underground hangars.

I published in a number of newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic this underground hangars story, and it was promptly denied in places and scoffed at in others; as a result I took the earliest train out of Germany. I found no difficulty in returning in subsequent years, except for entire lack of official co-operation from the Nazis. In later years Dr. Schacht was about the only Cabinet minister who would talk to me! In fact, the only one.

There's a distinct scoop for Liberty in this diary of Dr. Dodd. He certainly showed an aptitude for intelligent diplomacy which isn't always present in the make-up of every professor. He was a very difficult man to fool. In 1934 and even in 1935 he told me some incidents which so startled me I thought: Isn't it probable that Dr. Dodd has lost his flair for discriminating between truth and rumor and has abandoned his historical perspective? I discovered later that the incredible was true and that I was simply loath to believe that certain things *could* happen.

I believe this diary of Ambassador Dodd to be a very valuable document in enabling us to comprehend the significance of "contemporary history."—Vernon McKenzie, *University of Washington School of Journalism*.

WHO KNOWS ACEY DEUCEY?

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.—Quite some time ago the cruiser Salt Lake City visited Camden, New Jersey. While visiting on board I came across some sailors playing a game called "Accey Deucey." At that time they explained the game to me, but I soon forgot all they said.

I wonder if some sailor or ex-tar would be good enough to explain it all

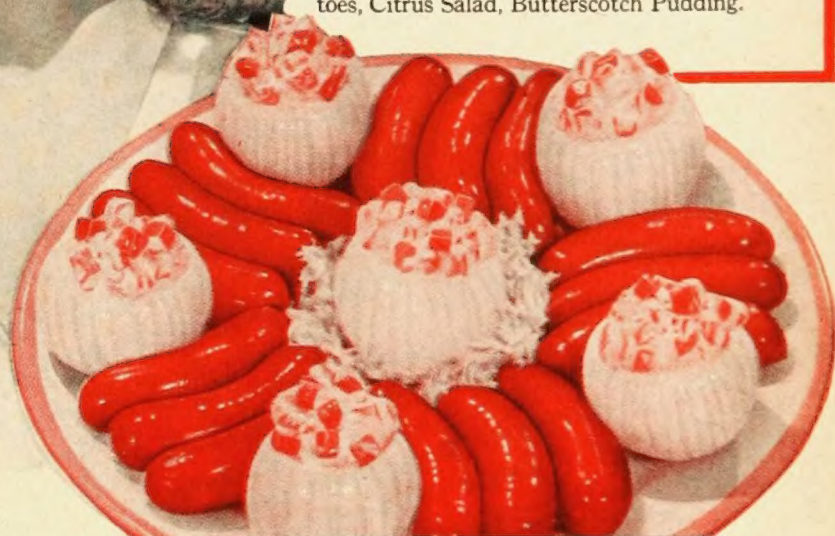
Want something NEW for dinner?



HERE'S A SUGGESTION FROM Mrs. DAMON RUNYON

wife of the popular writer

Frankfurts . . . not *ordinary* ones but the big, tender, juicy Swift's Premium kind . . . are a frequently-enjoyed dinner favorite at the Runyons' house. "They're a delightful change and really taste wonderful," says Mrs. Runyon. Here's a combination she especially likes: Swift's Premium Frankfurts (simmer 5 to 8 minutes and serve immediately) — Creamed Diced Carrots in Onion Cups, Parsley Potatoes, Citrus Salad, Butterscotch Pudding.



SWIFT'S PREMIUM *Tender* FRANKFURTS IN THE NEW LARGER "dinner" size

Made of fine meats
— skillfully seasoned



After all, the meats inside make the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of choice beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in
pineapple juice



Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins couldn't be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant
hardwood fires



In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes . . . Swift's Premium
Seal on every fourth link



Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemate . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

YOU SAVE THESE WAYS—EVERY DAY!

with this big new 1941

GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

SAVE AT THE STORE!

G-E has Conditioned Air Storage for keeping foods better and longer. Now you can save by buying perishable foods in quantities on bargain days.



SAVE IN THE KITCHEN!

G-E has 10 Star Storage Features which permit keeping every kind and type of food—for days and days without waste.



SAVE THROUGH THE YEARS!

G-E's famous sealed-in-steel Thrift Unit, known the world over for its unsurpassed thrifty operation and long life, now produces more cold with less current than ever.



NOW THIS
BIG G-E 7
FOR THE FORMER
PRICE OF A
G-E 6!

Tops In Preference—Tops In Performance

FIVE recent independent surveys show that more people prefer a G-E than any other make of refrigerator! Drop in at a nearby dealer's and you'll see why this is true—why a big G-E buying wave has already started this year! Today you can buy a new General Electric at a lower price than ever before. And

these 1941 models are *even better refrigerators*, too!

Compare G-E with other refrigerators—size for size, dollar for dollar—and you'll find it's your best buy!

NEW LOW PRICES! You can now buy a 6 cu. ft. G-E for as little as \$114.95. (Price subject to regional differentials and change without notice. See your G-E dealer.)

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

again. We have plenty of time here in the fire house to put it to plenty of use.—*Tex.*

WHERE THE SISTINE CHAPEL IS

PASADENA, CALIF.—We enjoyed very much the Art Quiz (February 15 Liberty) and think it is a splendid educational contribution.

May we call to your attention an error in the answer to No. 29? The Sistine Chapel is in the Vatican and not in St. Peter's in Rome, as other readers have doubtless already advised you. But let us have some more art quizzes, anyhow.—*Helen Scriver.*

NO RUSTY KEY FOR US!

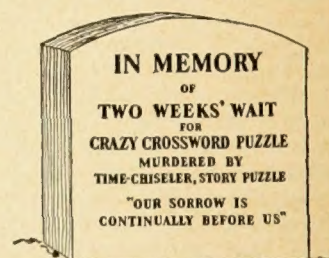
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Emerson once said that one cannot unlock the door of truth with the rusty key of prejudice, and it is heartening to note that in the spirit of Emerson the editor of Liberty has been endeavoring right along to give so many millions of people the truth about the current situation and pointing to the need of an alert and vigilant democracy.—*Louis B. Davidson.*

VARIETY IN PUZZLES

CLEBURNE, TEX.—Hurrah for Margaret Petherbridge and congrats to Liberty for the Story Puzzle. Please, let's have more of them!

I detest Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crossword Puzzles! Cut them out, please, and give us Story Puzzles instead.—*R. L. Derryberry.*

[With the same mail, Mr. Derryberry, there came a drawing from Ida B. Hall, of Austin, Texas, which we give below. We sure think we make no mistake in providing infinite variety for our readers.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]



ON THE LETTER TO PÉTAÏN

DE KALB, ILL.—Is this a record for a Vox Pop fan call? William Lang of Belmore, Long Island, long-distanced me at 4 A. M., Wednesday, February 19, to say kind things about my letter to Marshal Pétain (March 1 Vox Pop), incidentally giving me the first intimation I had that Liberty was using the letter. Thanks, Mr. Lang, but 4 A. M. is pretty close to bedtime of most Illinoisans.—*J. Hal Connor.*

NEW LONDON, WIS.—I wish to congratulate you for publishing A Letter to Marshal Pétain.

This letter is a classic and should

have been published in boxed black type. I shall keep this letter and prize it as one of the finest things ever published in Liberty.—Fred J. Rogers.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.—The letter to Marshal Pétain was altogether too fine a thing for Vox Pop—and that certainly is not meant as a slight to that department. Somebody ought to send it across the seas.—(Dr.) Cunera Scheffer.

NO COMMAS—DARNEDEST TIME!

DETROIT, MICH.—Did Walter Brooks, author of Ed Holds a Séance (March 1 Liberty), get so engrossed in his writing that he forgot to put quotation marks and commas in it?

I had the darnedest time trying to



figure it out. Stories that crazy need some help.—C. Hemsing.

[No, Mr. Brooks did not lose sight of punctuation, but he thinks that inasmuch as every one has his own ideas of it, a reader should be permitted to use his own commas, quotes, etc.—Vox Pop Editor.]

WE HAVE DEMONETIZED GOLD

SOUTH BEND, IND.—In reply to H. R. Conklin (February 15 Vox Pop), as a lawyer I will state:

That we are not off the gold standard. That we have demonetized gold! That gold is not, and has not been, our sole legal tender since 1863.

Our Supreme Court, in the case of Norman vs. Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company (Vol. 95 A. L. R., page 1352), held that Congress had the right to grant the President power to devalue the dollar. Under Title 31, United States Code, annotated, Congress has printed and put into circulation over \$8,300,000,000 in greenbacks.—Andrew N. Hildebrand.

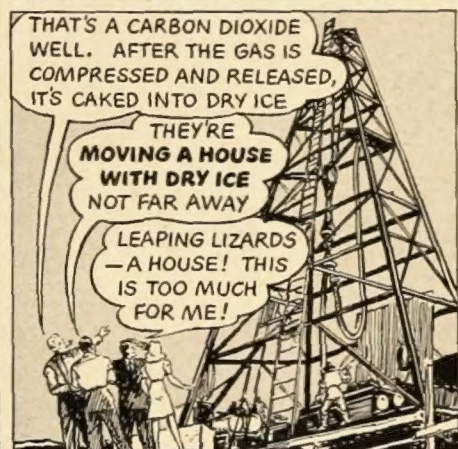
MORE INFORMATION, PLEASE!

WICHITA, KAN.—Now that Mr. George E. Sokolsky has given Liberty readers a learned (?) article on What Is Your Fire Insurance Policy Worth? and an article on What Is Your Life Insurance Policy Worth? will he be gracious enough to advise your readers What Is Your Radio Commentator's Information Worth?

The first two queries have been answered with intelligence by many millions of policyholders of both fire- and life-insurance companies, very grate-

(Continued on page 8)

★ WONDERS OF AMERICA ★ 109 Degrees Below Zero



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—COOLEST OF ALL!

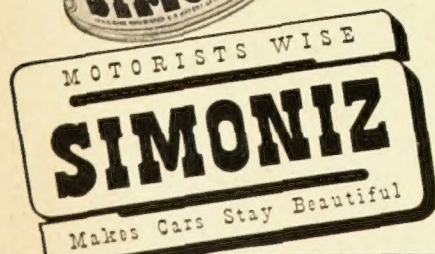


Makes Any Car's Beauty Live Again!

**SIMONIZING
GIVES FINISH A LUSTRE
THAT LASTS!**

Who wants a "dead-looking" car? Not you, surely. So, Simoniz your car today. With the wonderful Simoniz Kleener, you can thoroughly clean any finish, restoring all the glorious lustre and color . . . quickly, easily, and in one simple operation. Try it! Then, to protect the finish and make the beauty last, apply the world-famous Simoniz. It is a de luxe beauty treatment that all cars need.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



fully and graciously over a long term of years.

I am hopeful Mr. Sokolsky is better informed about the third subject than the first two. "A little learning is a dangerous thing"—of which he has given us proof.—*Sam F. Woolard.*

THE DRAFT MORE IMPORTANT?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—One of my friends who has been for ten years an auto mechanic took a six-months course in aero mechanics, and then was employed by the Douglas people. He has been there long enough to have two raises in pay. But he was drafted for

Banner is played on the movie screen, radio, victrola, etc., one need not stand.—*One Who Should Know.*

THAT EAGLE WILL NEVER SLIP

QUANTICO, VA.—On page 31 of February 22 Liberty you show a picture of a United States marine, but I must bring up a point.

I really think it would be embarrassing for a good marine to have as many people as read Liberty see him improperly dressed, so if you will please straighten his collar ornament by setting that good old American eagle atop the globe where he belongs, it

Beginning in Liberty Next Week!

Patriotic FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES QUIZ CONTEST

CONTINUING its crusade for a better understanding of fundamental facts about America which the United States Constitution Quiz recently began, Liberty announces a new contest designed to inspire and instruct every competitor on the history of the Star-Spangled Banner. Liberty believes a better appreciation of the various steps by which our national emblem came into its present form will give a better appreciation of the things it stands for today. Contestants will learn the background and history of the various flags through which and from which the Flag of the United States has been evolved. Aside from the many substantial cash awards available, we urge every reader to take part in this quiz because of the wealth of historic information and patriotic inspiration it presents. Watch for the first quiz questions in Liberty next week!

camp and ordered to appear before the M. D.s for examination. His company, I believe, appealed to the draft board not to take their mechanics, but got nowhere.

It's a helluva note that this country is in such an emergency, and yet the draft is more important than the production of defense machines—especially when it takes the industry four months to break in a man.—*J. C. Blinn.*

STANDING AT ATTENTION

RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—Old Sarge is wrong when he says one stands at attention upon hearing the national anthem over the radio. One stands only if the music is being played in one's presence. Thus, if The Star-Spangled

will be a mighty big improvement. As long as there are United States marines, that eagle will never slip from his perch atop the globe, either.—*Glen L. Flaten, Hq. Det. RTC. MB.*

WORLD'S RECORD SKI JUMP

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—May I ask Mr. Dempsey who made a 350.96-foot ski jump? (February 15 Liberty.) Such a jump was not made in the United States. My husband, the only man to hold the national championship seven times, has helped to select and construct many of the largest hills in our country. The construction of these and the take-offs make it difficult to achieve such a leap.

At Bigpine, California, and at

Ecker Hill, Salt Lake City, my husband made 230- and 233-foot leaps, and those were really jumps in the '20s!—Mrs. Lars Haugen.

[Josef Bradl, of Austria, jumped 350.96 feet to set a world's record for the ski jump. He performed this feat in 1938 at Planica, Yugoslavia. Maybe that country is gone, but the record is quite official and it still stands. Here in America Torger Tokle just set an American record of 288 feet in Washington (March 2, 1941). In '39 the American record was 257 feet; made at Iron Mountain, Michigan. But Haugen's jumps, as Mrs. Haugen says, "were really jumps in the '20s."—JACK DEMPSEY, SPORTS EDITOR.]

ENDURING "RELIEF"

CINCINNATI, OHIO—An old lady once rich and widely traveled, now very poor and forced to accept public charity, was telling her little grandson that some breeds of dogs were very ancient.

Said she, "I have seen dogs in bas



relief on the pyramids in Egypt and on temples in Indo-China."

"Oh, granny," exclaimed the little fellow, "did they have even dogs on relief when you were young?"—Grace Eliot Durland Westlake.

NEW AWARENESS OF CONSTITUTION

WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, VT.—Vox Pop's note on the letter from John F. Willeford (February 22 Liberty) is right in assuming the Constitutional Quiz has given those who took part in it a new awareness of the Constitution of the United States. It is the only contest I have ever taken part in. Never enjoyed anything so much in my life.—Vermonters.

DIVE BOMBER FRONT BOMB

BERWICK, PA.—We would appreciate the fact if you would advise us if there is in existence a dive bomber that releases its bomb from the front of the plane.—Arthur M. Kanoff.

[Mr. Swanee Taylor says, No.—Vox Pop Editor.]

LADY TO THE LADIES

CHICAGO, ILL.—Personally, I just can't wait to turn to the pages where Princess Alexandra Kropotkin writes To the Ladies. Her articles achieve such friendliness, besides containing real informative value. They are written with a zest and tang that must appeal to all.—Mrs. J. Ponticell.

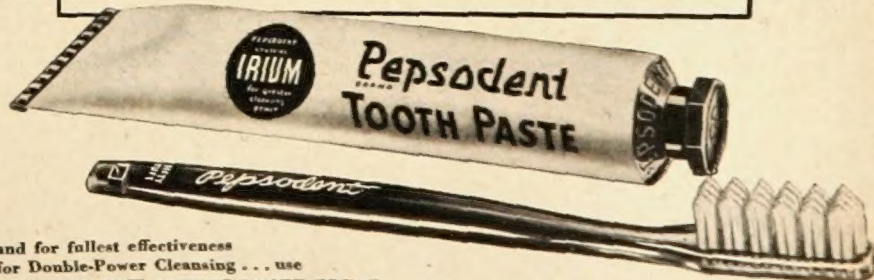
Give your teeth
a Beauty Test!



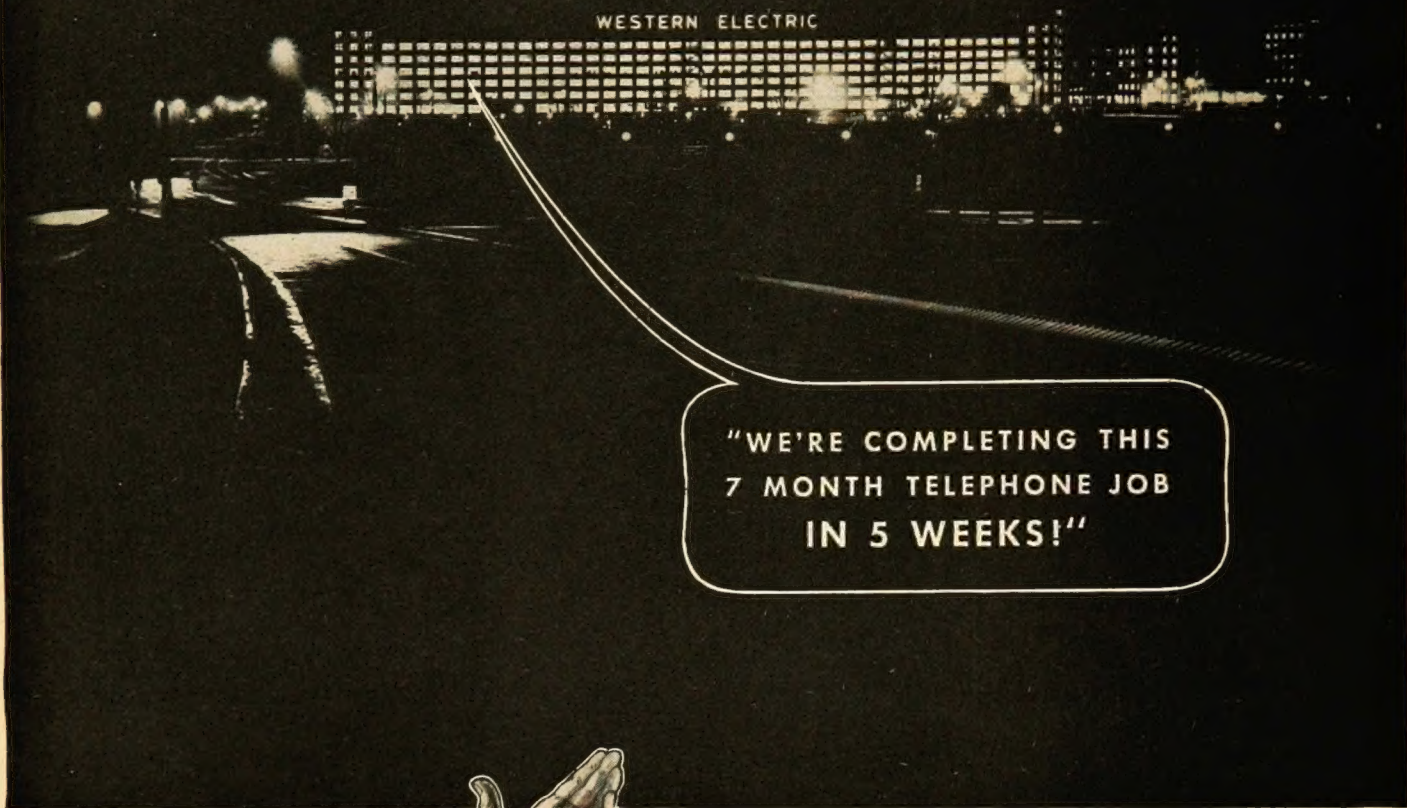
LEARN BEAUTY'S SECRET

MAKE THIS
TONGUE TEST

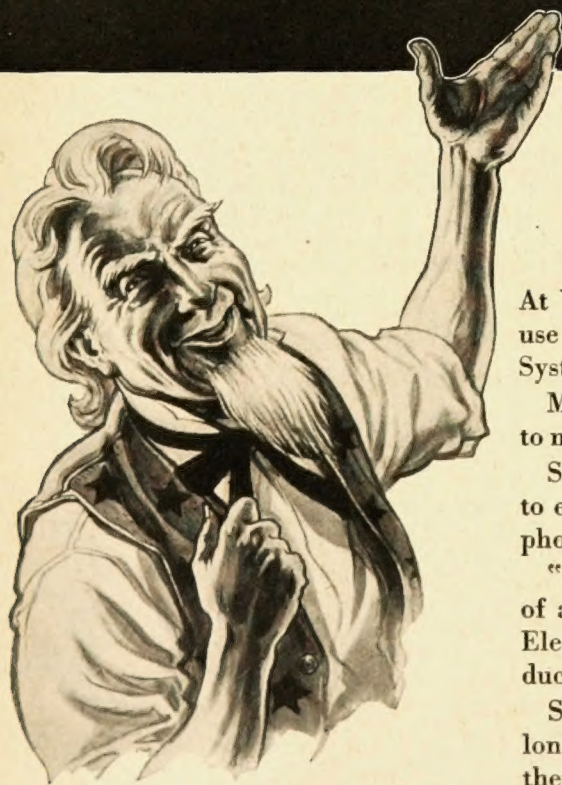
- 1 DO THIS . . . Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that coating? It doesn't belong there!
 - 2 YOU'LL LEARN . . . that filmy coating on your teeth collects stains, makes teeth dull, dingy-looking!
 - 3 SWITCH TO PEPSODENT with Irium. You'll know how alluring your smile can be when teeth are sparkling bright. You'll feel it. Your friends will see it.
- Only Pepsodent gives you Irium, super-cleansing agent that loosens and flushes away filmy coating.
 - Only Pepsodent contains the patented high-polishing agent which buffs teeth to such shining smoothness that coating brushes off easily before it collects and stains. No other tooth paste gives you as much! Get a tube of Pepsodent with Irium today.



... and for fullest effectiveness
... for Double-Power Cleansing ... use
PEPSODENT'S NEW 50-TUFT TOOTH BRUSH



**"WE'RE COMPLETING THIS
7 MONTH TELEPHONE JOB
IN 5 WEEKS!"**



**"and that's good news
for the National Defense!"**

At Western Electric we're producing telephone equipment for use now which normally would not be required for the Bell System's nationwide service for two or more years.

More than a year ago we began to plan for the impending need—to make ready our people, our plants, our machines, our materials.

So we're prepared when a rush order comes from Uncle Sam to equip Camp Edwards or Camp Beauregard with adequate telephone facilities. Thirty million feet of wire? Yes, in a single order.

"More telephones for these new plants," is the urgent demand of aircraft manufacturers and other defense industries. Western Electric's response cuts weeks and even months out of usual production schedules.

So in this time of need, as in calmer days, Western Electric's long experience and manufacturing facilities are demonstrating their worth to the nation.

Western Electric ... is back of your
Bell Telephone service

Nightmare in pale gray

LIBERTY'S
SHORT SHORT

BY MARY NORTON



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

YVONNE called me up at about one o'clock in the morning.

"Better dress the children," she said; "I'm coming along in the car. No, I can't talk now. Don't worry. It's going to be all right."

I waked up Simone. "What's the matter, mother?" she grumbled as she dressed. "What's it all about?"

"I don't know, my angel. Dress Paul and try to help me."

But even later I hardly realized—when Jules, Yvonne's husband, met us at the coast town of N——. He looked white and tired, a civilian coat over his stained uniform.

"Come on," he told us. "There's a boat down at the quay. You can't stay here. You must get yourselves along to Dunkerque. That's where they are—the English. They'll take you over."

"To England?" Simone gripped my arm as if with joy. Paul, a dead weight, was asleep on my shoulder.

"But where are the Germans?"

"Everywhere." Jules sounded very tired. "Motorcycle troops. You have come through their lines." He looked at his child, asleep in Yvonne's arms, but he did not touch her. "*Une drôle de guerre*," he added wearily.

When we saw the boat was simply a rowing boat, our hearts sank. But we said nothing. There were two pairs of oars. Yvonne took one and I the other, but I soon saw she had never rowed before. "Keep in by the shore," Jules had said; "it's only a mile or two."

We splashed along unevenly. It was a warm night and the dark sea slid smoothly by.

After only half an hour the tender

skin of my hands was blistered through my gloves. Later, when Simone took Yvonne's place, we began to make good progress.

Gradually it became light. That first dawn—with the pale flat lines of dunes and beach and heaving steely sea. An awakening in water color.

Later, from the shore, a man hailed us. We turned in toward him, drawn by the urgency of one hoarse cry. His head was bandaged and his arm in splints. Breathing hard, he splashed out through the surf. He wore pajama trousers, nothing else. "Put out to sea," he ordered, climbing in. He was an Englishman.

As we rowed, dazedly he told of Dunkirk, the beaches crowded and the weary men mown down in lines as patiently they stood, waiting for boats that still could take so few. When I knew our haven of Dunkirk was but a hell of hunger, thirst, and blood, I cried, "Where can we go?"

"To England. You have a boat."

And so we rowed—until the sun came up, and up, and beat upon our aching backs and heads. He stood in the stern turning the oar with his good arm, as fishermen do. His face was gray and eyelids swollen red.

As night came on, the wind rose, and the sea with it. Water slapped into the boat, drenching our clothes and setting the food afloat. Simone bailed with her tin gas-mask holder.

At dawn we saw the buoy. Gray in the gray light, a tossing ghost.

If we could reach it, we could rest without drifting back to France.

BUT it was then that the Englishman fell forward and the boat lurched under his weight. Simone and I pulled him up and laid his

shoulders against the seat. His head rolled back. "Oh, mother!" Simone cried.

But the buoy. That was what mattered now—to reach the buoy.

Cruelly we toiled until—at last—we lay bumping and rebounding against those metal sides.

Later we tied the boat against the buoy, slipping a scarf beneath a loosened screw. Hourly I watched the wet silk slip and fray.

But that day died.

Night. Then dawn again. A dawn gray-washed with rain, of aching weariness, hopeless hours drawn on at last, to dusk—and night once more.

My little Simone—her feet were swollen to twice their normal size; Yvonne delirious, and the baby quiet—quiet, but hoarse with thirst and crying. Starkly at peace, the Englishman lay. Salt rimed his hair and the lids that I had closed. I had no strength to move him.

The fourth morning I must have dropped asleep. Opening my eyes, I saw a ship quite close—a mongrel naval vessel born of war.

Men by the rail called out and waved their arms. And, as I watched them through a blur of tears, I saw them beckon—signing us to row.

I had no strength to lift my swollen hands, rigid and powerless, caked with stiffened blood. "I cannot row!" I cried. "I cannot row!" And laid my head upon my knees and wept. I could not stir.

But still they called.

As in a dream, I heard men shout—in French, in English. Then, somehow I rose, unloosed the hawser and took up the oars, bashing the waves with fumbling futile blows. The tide worked for us. I knew nothing more.

Nothing at all until I lay in bed, wrapped deep in blankets, all my head aflame. I heard my sobs and seemed to hold a hand, a steady hand that gripped my fingers back.

"Why did you do it? Why did you make me row? You could have fetched us. Why did you make me row?"

Gently the answer came:

"Madam, I'm sorry. Try to understand. Your little boat was tied up to a mine."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

ATHENS, GREECE.

THE heavy raw mist spread across the jagged peaks and formed an impenetrable lid above the valley. It was almost "ceiling zero" weather and even the mountain-wise eagles were taking no chances and walking.

But the roar of a squadron of British bombers warming up filled the air and echoed round the rocky canyon walls. For you can't fight a war in northern Greece and Albania in the middle of winter if you're going to worry too much about the weather.

Up north, in the wild snow-covered gorges, the Greek army was staging an attack, and we were going on a raid over the Italian lines to bomb their trenches, gun positions, and supply vehicles. Waiting for us at the front would be a patrol of British fighters clearing the sky while we went to work on our objectives.

In the tiny operations tents on the edge of the field, pilots and air observers crowded round the tall portly squadron leader known as "the Bish" while he checked over the day's targets on the map. He wasn't very happy about the weather reports, but the job had to be done.

It had been the same for four months—fog, torrential rain, or snowstorms day after day, until now even a few hundred feet of visibility seemed like a bright clear day. The casualty lists told the story. Since the day the Italians attempted to invade Greece and the R. A. F. went into action, fifty pilots and air crews had been killed in bad-weather crashes. So the best the Bish could do was give the newcomers the benefit of his experience on forty raids over Albania and send them off.

"Remember, your first duty is to bring your crew back—but bomb if you can. If you get into an impossible fix in bad weather, make certain you are over land, and jump. Have no hesitation in abandoning your aircraft rather than risking your crews' lives," he advised them.

Probably the Bish was thinking of the time he'd "bought it," as they say in the R. A. F., on a raid over an Albanian port. He had told me the story the night before as we sat drinking a local brew that passed for cherry brandy and trying to ignore the mud underfoot in the mess tent.

It seemed that the Bish had just released his bombs over the objective when a large burst of anti-aircraft shells tore into his plane. The force of the explosion threw it over on its back. By the time he'd managed to right it, only one engine was functioning and there was a large hole in the cowl of it from which oil was pouring out.

The plane looked like a flying sieve and one wing was almost ripped off, but somehow it was still able to fly. By a miracle, no one had been injured, though a notebook in the air gunner's pocket was torn in half by a piece of shrapnel.

"We flew on, though very slowly

I flew into battle in Albania

Breath-takingly, a Liberty reporter explores
the heart of Britain's fight for gallant Greece

and unable to gain height on our one engine," the Bish explained to me. "The cockpit was full of petrol fumes and there was a good chance we'd all pass out any minute. But we succeeded in flying on for two hours and then spotted a tiny island. There was only one place to attempt a landing and that was a strip of beach about twenty yards wide.

"I gave the crew the chance of jumping and told them I was going to try and land the machine. They decided to stick with me.

"Well, we put the kite down all right, but it cured me of crash landings. Next time I'll jump. Just as we were coming in I discovered that the landing gear had been shot away. So we had to make a belly landing. Usually they're not difficult, but it's a different matter in a badly damaged machine. We scraped and bounced along the rocks on the beach, and pieces of the kite dropped off every few feet.

"Finally we slid to a standstill, jumped out of the machine, and thought our troubles were over. But we were wrong. Some peasants peered out at us from behind some bushes and then ran away screaming. Then a man with a rifle appeared and drew a bead on us. We put our hands up and yelled, '*Inglese, Inglese!*' A look of wonderment spread over his face and he replied, with a definite American accent, 'Are youse guys English?' We assured him we were, and he said, 'Yeah, I've heard guys talk wid a funny accent like yours in de movies—I guess you're O. K.'

"It turned out that he had owned a restaurant in Baltimore for fifteen years. When a couple of hundred extremely belligerent-looking locals returned armed with pitchforks and shotguns, he quickly explained we were British, not Italian, aviators. After that, everything was 'on the house.'

It was time for our raid now, so we climbed into our heavily padded fly-

ing suits and parachute harnesses and waddled across the field to the bombers. Alan, our pilot, who was a dead ringer for Jimmy Cagney, offered me the seat right up in the glass-enclosed nose of the plane.

"You'll be able to see everything that happens from there. If any Italian fighters attack us, it's the safest place to be—but if the anti-aircraft guns start popping off, it's the most unhealthy. So take your choice," he said.

I told him it sounded like an even-money bet and you couldn't ask fairer than that, and climbed in. I'd picked the royal box, all right—just a tiny stool suspended from the aircraft frame out into the glass eggshell.

As we taxied across the field in formation for the take-off I felt like the mascot on the radiator cap of a racing car. Then the ground started to fall away right under my legs and I decided it was best to look straight ahead or up.

We circled above the field, gaining altitude, and headed north, up the valley. On either side of us the steep barren mountains towered up and disappeared into the white blanket above.

From the air, northern Greece and Albania look like a field plowed by a drunken farmer. Long series of ridges cross and recross and high mountain ranges weave in and out. The trick of flying in this country is to skirt along the valleys beneath the cloud cover and search for gaps in the mountains which will lead you from one valley to another. If you get above the cloud, you may never find a clear patch to come down through. And if you fly blind in the cloud on your instruments, that peak right ahead of you marked 6,000 feet on the map may turn out to be 7,500 feet high.

But the Bish was an expert at finding gaps. Flying Number Two in formation behind him, we zigzagged toward the front. Below us now were

"A man with a rifle
drew a bead on us.
We put our hands
up, yelled, 'Inglese!'"



Y ROBERT LOW

the battlefields where the Greeks had thrown the Italians back into Albania. It seemed incredible that men could live and fight among those frozen heights; that guns, munitions, and food could be hauled up the sheer cliffs.

We were approaching our targets. The observer leaned forward and set the bomb switches and selector at my elbow and the air gunner fired a short burst to test his guns. Ahead, now, I could see the Greek lines running from the top of one mountain down to the valley and up the other side. Across a river which curved round and cut the valley in two were the Italians.

We were flying at 3,000 feet and running up on the targets before bombing. As we shot over the river, antiaircraft shells began to pepper the sky. Black puffs that weren't nearly as small as I'd have liked appeared all round us. Then thin white lines started hovering in the air just a hundred yards or so ahead—tracer bullets from Italian machine guns. I looked around at Alan. He smiled and gave me the R. A. F. thumbs-up gesture. But this didn't look like an even-money bet to me.

Suddenly I could see squat yellow high-explosive bombs falling away from the leading aircraft. They seemed to hang in the air for a moment before spiraling down toward the target. We were well over the Italian lines now, and just ahead were the gun positions. Beyond, in a small village, were the supply and transport depots. Soon white clouds of smoke began to appear around them.

Then our observer nudged me and, leaning right forward, I could see our bombs going down. But as I did so, there was a sickening lurch. The nose of our plane dropped about sixty degrees and pointed almost straight down toward the fountain of tracer. We seemed to be racing our bombs to earth.

The speed of the dive increased to 300 miles an hour. There was hardly time to wonder if the plane had been hit. Too late to do anything about it now, anyway. Through the glass nose the world was growing in size like a high-speed trick close-up on the screen.

At less than 500 feet we pulled out and leveled off. A sharp rat-a-tat as the rear gunner brought his turret to bear on the Italian machine-gun nests. We were over a road jammed with transport—spraying it with incendiary bullets.

On to rake the front-line trenches with a stream of lead. Then the same roller-coaster sensation again as the nose shot up and we climbed steeply.

But just as we were forming on the Bish's machine and turning toward home, Alan pointed to the north. Italian fighters, and they weren't mere specks in the sky, either. They were less than two miles away and coming fast. Immediately our squadron closed into tight formation. If we didn't reach the cloud cover before the Italians were able to

make an effective attack, we could put up a good fight with the combined fire power of our rear turrets. It's always the lone straggler in a bomber formation who gets shot down by fighters.

Then suddenly there were more planes above. The flight of British fighters on patrol over the front had spotted the Italians. They were peeling off from their formation one by one and swooping down to attack.

We didn't stay to see the battle, for our job was to get home safely to come back and bomb another day. But before we left we saw one British fighter dive close to an Italian with his eight guns firing. As he shot past, smoke started pouring from the Italian aircraft and a moment later it was spinning to earth, out of control.

Another hour of valley creeping, and our wheels touched down at the airdrome. This time all the aircraft had returned safely. But waiting for one of the pilots was a letter which told the other side of the story. A few weeks before, one of the planes had not returned from a raid over an Albanian port. The pilot and his crew had been posted as "missing—believed killed in action." Now good news had arrived via the international Red Cross from an Italian military hospital.

Here is the letter:

DEAR BUCK:

This is the first chance I have had to write since that awful day I was shot down into the sea near our target. The old maestro was riddled and the air gunner was shot twice in the head—not fatal, thank God. The observer is O. K. I have a twisted leg. We managed to get out before she sank and swam to the shore. The observer had the only life jacket, as he could not swim. We left him to it, as we had a hell of a job ourselves, being in the water for an hour or more. It was very rough also.

"The observer was picked up by an Italian destroyer. The cliff was almost perpendicular, so we had a job getting out. We were captured about midnight, and thank God, because we were all in, having no clothes, etc. I will probably be going to Rome as soon as my leg is O. K. I hope to see Johnny, George, and Phil there, and what a party we'll have! Try to pack my gear together, Buck, my camera, etc., and be a good chap and send the studio portrait home to mother. I am very sad at having to leave everybody; the fellows were all like brothers to me. I don't mind admitting I cried like a kid when I was alone that night.

"I am in a room with a Greek pilot and three other officers, and apart from my little French I must remain silent. Pretty depressing.

"Give my very best to the boys and tell the Bish to hurry up and win the war."

Well, the Bish and his boys are doing their best for him.

THE END

BY
ELISABETH
SANKAY
HOLDING

Loved I not HONOR More

A stirring story of a young man's heart
and a girl who was beautiful and brave

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN Charlotte came out of the Fifth Avenue department store, she saw Raoul standing at the curb, and he saw her. They looked squarely at each other for a moment, gray eyes and dark eyes meeting like rapiers. Then he came forward, as was his duty, and took the box she carried.

"Give me ze ozzers," he said.

"No!" said Charlotte.

He set off with the box, and she followed him around the corner. His overcoat was too big for him; it gave a clumsy look to his slim shoulders, but he walked with a certain swagger and he wore his peaked chauffeur's cap at a rakish angle. Pleased with yourself, *aren't* you? she thought.

The car was parked on Sixth Avenue. He put the box inside and held open the door for her, and as she got in they looked at each other again.

"Where now?" he asked.

"Home, Jeames!" said Charlotte.

"What is 'Jeames'?" he asked.

"A joke," said Charlotte.

"I don't know this joke," he said.

Charlotte made herself comfortable; she took off her hat and lit a cigarette and leaned back, her long legs crossed. I love this job, she thought. It's the most fascinating job there could possibly be. And it's doing things to me. I'm learning a lot of things.

She watched Raoul as he drove; when he turned his head she saw his profile, boyish, blunt, wonderfully impertinent. He made an art of being impertinent without a word that you could seize on. They were enemies; they had been from the beginning, two months ago. But it was amusing. The boy's got something, Charlotte thought.

"You drive very well, Raoul," she said in the most condescending tone—to goad him.

"Certainly," he said. "I do many things very well."

"Well, what?" asked Charlotte.

"Me?" he said. "I cook. I am mechanician. I know *stenographie*. I understand very well *photographie*."

"Is that all?" asked Charlotte.

He glanced over his shoulder at her for an instant. "Oh, no, mademoiselle," he said, with a look so outrageously French that she wanted to laugh. But she managed to keep a straight face.

The car turned a corner, and, with the cigarette in the corner of her mouth, she took up her blue felt hat and put it on casually. And it was completely right; in the first place, because it was an eighteen-dollar little number, made to measure; and in the second place, because she had the knack, or the genius, for looking completely right. She wasn't, strictly speaking, a pretty girl; dark, tall, a little angular, an upper lip a little too long, a clever good-humored Yankee face; only her hands and her gray eyes were beautiful.

The car stopped before the door of the small hotel in the East Seventies, and Raoul got out to open the door. Charlotte jumped out of the car, and turned her ankle, and would have fallen if he had not caught her by the arm. "Thanks!" she said, looking at him.

Their eyes met again, and there was no mockery now and no challenge in that glance exchanged. His strong fingers still held her arm; they looked straight at each other.

"I will take the *paquets* up for you," he said, and she did not protest.

They went into the hotel together, she in her superbly cut gray suit and her notable hat, and he in the clumsy big overcoat bought for some one else. She who was the daughter of a banker, an important man; and he who was a chauffeur, a stranger.

She stopped at the desk. "Any

"Excuse me, madame," Raoul interrupted. "I think you do not know that you insult me."



mail for Miss Acheson?" she asked.

The desk clerk gave her a little sheaf of letters, and as she got into the elevator with Raoul, she glanced over them. Letters from all over the country: letters from politicians in Washington, letters from editors, letters from farmers, from colleges. Fascinating, she thought. The most interesting job there could be!

She unlocked the door of the suite, and they entered, and she took the packages into Miss Acheson's bedroom.

I hope to heaven the things are right! she thought. Tricky—buying clothes for another woman. But Miss Acheson had no time for shopping, and no gift in that line.

She put away her hat and coat and went into the sitting room, and Raoul was still there. He was standing, cap in hand, by the flat-topped desk, touching with one finger the roses in the silver vase. His down-cast lashes were thick and curly as a girl's. He didn't look embarrassed—he could not—but he looked gentle.

"Well . . ." he said, with a sigh. Then he looked up with a smile. "Very funny, the way life is, eh?" he said.

"Yep!" said Charlotte.

"I tell you, I never think that at twenty-three I shall be a chauffeur. I am very ambitious."

"You won't stay a chauffeur forever," she said.

"You are absolutely right, mademoiselle!" he said.

There was a little silence.

"Cigarette?" she asked, holding out a pack.

"Thank you!" he said, taking one. He struck a match and gave her a light, with a flourish, with style. "Some day," he said, "when everything is different . . . you will see . . ."

He was still smiling, but there was a look in his eyes that made her heart quicken with a curious excitement. She knew nothing about Raoul, none of the things that could be set down to fill out a blank; but she had seen him every day for two months, and she was a woman, and she knew all the other things about him. She knew that he had pride and spirit and gaiety; she knew that he had the energy, the quick wit, the courage a man needs in a hard world.

"Well . . ." he said. "I am very lucky that I have this job, eh? I save money. I learn things. It is something very good to be employ' by some one so famous like Miss Ah-shay-son, eh?"

"I certainly like it," said Charlotte.

"And I have met you," he said steadily. "My ideal of the American girl."

"Pooh!" said Charlotte.

"That's true," he said. "My ideal of *any* girl. Beautiful and brave and"—he sought for a word—"sweet," he said.

"I'm not sweet," Charlotte said.

They looked at each other, not smiling.

"Sweetheart . . ." he said slowly. They looked away from each other. "Well . . . some day, later . . ." he said, and shrugged his shoulders in the clumsy overcoat. "I thank you because you are—so honest to me." He put out the cigarette in an ash tray, and shrugged again, gave his quick smile, gay and a little impertinent. "Now I better go, eh? If Miss Ah-shay-son comes in, she kicks me out?"

The door closed after him, and Charlotte stood where she was for a long moment. "Sweetheart?" she said to herself. "I'll be darned!"

She was not angry, but very thoughtful. "This could be a problem . . ." she said to herself. She frowned; then she, too, shrugged her shoulders. "Well, I can cope with Raoul," she thought—"or anybody else."

She sat down in the blue leather armchair beside the desk and began to open the mail. I did think last week that I'd speak to father about getting a job, a decent job, for Raoul, she thought. But I'm not going to. I'm not going to encourage that lad. Not that he needs encouragement. He can get on very well by himself.

Gosh, but I'm lucky! she thought. To get a job like this with a woman like Mary Acheson. . . . I needed something like this. I'm inclined to be pigheaded and narrow-minded. I used to call myself "conservative" in college. When I think of the way I used to argue, the things I used to say . . .

She read a letter. "I am a woman on a lonely farm, and when I listened to your broadcast, Miss Acheson, it was like a window opening onto a bigger world." That's right! Charlotte thought. I lived in a narrow sort of world myself. But now I think I'm learning. I hope I am. . . . She went on with the mail. Would Miss Acheson give a little talk to the senior class at Widewater College? Would Miss Acheson serve on this committee . . . this board? . . . A press clipping: "Mary Acheson is the outstanding example of liberal thought in our day . . ."

THERE was the sound of a latchkey in the door, and Charlotte got up as Miss Acheson entered.

"Well, Charlotte?" she said. "Anything new?"

"Plenty of mail," Charlotte said. "Some pretty grand letters."

Mary Acheson sat down in the blue armchair, a tall broad-shouldered woman. But her fur coat made her shoulders look too bulky; the black turban made a harsh line around her face; her dark red dress was too loud and not a good shade.

"I've got the skirt and the sweater for you, Miss Acheson," said Charlotte. "Will you try them on?"

"My dear, I *can't*!" said Miss Acheson. "I know they'll be nice." She smiled and lit a cigarette. "I've had a ghastly time. . . . Let's have some tea sent up."

Charlotte called room service and

ordered tea and toast. "Let's see . . ." she said, looking at the desk calendar. "You had an alumnae lunch at your old school, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Mary Acheson. "I always swear I'll never go again. It's the most depressing thing to see girls who used to be alive—vital and real—turned into plump suburban matrons. And the young ones are worse—much worse. This year's senior class was represented, you know. Four or five girls of eighteen or nineteen, rich girls—the most complacent little beasts."

"Like me," Charlotte said, half sadly.

"Nonsense!" said Mary Acheson, with her friendly smile.

"I used to be like that," Charlotte said. "Very pleased with my 'poise.' Very narrow-minded and Tory. And I've still got plenty of prejudices. I'm not—" She paused. "I'm not tolerant, like you," she said.

"Nobody is at twenty-two," said Miss Acheson. "I certainly wasn't. I had to be kicked around like a football before I learned to be human. Some day I'll tell you a little about all that."

SHE was silent for a while, and Charlotte looked covertly at the strong, clear face. She knew a few facts about Mary Acheson: She came from a good family; solid, prosperous people. She was a graduate of a famous college, Charlotte's college. She had traveled. She had married, and had divorced her husband. But just facts like that could not explain what she was—the charm she had, the knowledge, the wisdom, the humor.

"It was depressing, that lunch," she said, leaning back and watching the smoke of her cigarette. "The president of the senior class, a little red-haired chit, pretty as a picture and with all the self-confidence in the world, badgered me so, it was hard to keep my temper. She started the subject that's one of my pet hates. That 'America for the Americans.'"

"Well . . ." said Charlotte. "That's my father's idea."

"And it's a little your idea too, isn't it?" Mary Acheson said with a half smile.

"I don't know," said Charlotte. And it was hard for her to say that, because before she had come here to work for Mary Acheson she always *had* known, she had always felt sure and definite about everything.

"Do you know what started the red-haired girl?" asked Mary Acheson. "It was Raoul. She'd heard that I had a French chauffeur, and she thought it wasn't 'fair' to give a job to a foreigner. I told them some of the things Raoul told me. How he felt about America. He thought he would be welcome here."

"Well . . .?" Charlotte asked.

"His father was killed at Dunkerque," Mary Acheson went on. "A lawyer. The family had been pro-

fessional people for generations in a little provincial town, thrifty, intelligent, highly respected people. One of the sons is in prison in Germany; the other one is with his mother. Raoul wanted to come here. He thought this country would offer him more scope, more freedom, more adventure. He had no friends here, and very little money. And he didn't feel welcome."

"Well . . ." said Charlotte again. . . . "maybe I wouldn't feel welcome if I went to live in France without any money."

"You're a dreadful little die-hard," said Miss Acheson, laughing. "There! That must be our tea."

CHARLOTTE let in the waiter, and Miss Acheson spoke to him in German for a few minutes. She gave him his tip and he went away grinning.

"How many languages do you speak, Miss Acheson?" Charlotte asked.

"French and German and Italian and a little Spanish," Miss Acheson answered. "All very badly. I haven't any gift that way. Only, when I was in Europe, I was so anxious to get *at* people . . ."

"I think you're wonderful," Charlotte said. "I wish—"

The telephone rang, and she answered it.

"Miss Acheson's secretary speaking . . ." She listened to what the man on the other end of the wire had to say. "Wait a minute, will you?" she said, and turned to Miss Acheson. "It's a newspaperman," she said. "He's going to print your talk to the alumnae, and he'd like to see Raoul."

Miss Acheson thought for a moment. "All right!" she said. "If he can get here before four-thirty—"

The reporter said he would be there within half an hour.

"Now will you get hold of Raoul?" said Miss Acheson. "He'll be in his room or at the garage."

Charlotte called his room, only a few blocks from the hotel.

His voice answered, resonant, gay, a little nasal. "Allo! Somebody want me?"

"Miss Acheson would like to see you, please," said Charlotte, with a certain formality.

"Oh! It's *you* who are speaking?" he said. "I like so much to hear your voice."

"How soon can you get here?" Charlotte asked, with still more formality.

"In one minute!" he said.

That boy's going too fast. He's getting beyond himself, Charlotte thought. I'll have to set him down a little. Keep him in his place, father would say. Well, I'm a little like father. I've learned a lot from Miss Acheson, but not *that* much. I like Raoul, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to like him a lot more. But I'm not going to. I dare say I'm a snob and a die-hard and a Tory; but I'm not going to be personal about him.

She glanced across the tea table at Miss Acheson, and Miss Acheson smiled at her. I'm glad you can't read my mind, Charlotte thought. You'd be disappointed in me. I suppose you'd marry a waiter if you liked him enough. "People are human beings to me," Miss Acheson had told her. "I don't care whether they're French or German or Chinese, Jew or Gentile, bakers or bankers."

And it's not a pose, Charlotte thought. It's sincere. It's grand. I wonder . . . I wonder if I'll get like that as I grow older? I wonder—

The doorbell of the suite rang. "That must be Raoul," said Miss Acheson, and it was. Charlotte opened the door, and he followed her into the sitting room.

"Sit down, Raoul," Miss Acheson said.

"Thank you, madame!" he said; but he remained standing, cap in hand.

"I gave a little talk today at my old school," she said. "I talked to them about tolerance, about good will. I told them a little about you."

"About me, madame?" he said, his white teeth showing in a smile. He's pleased, Charlotte thought. He's conceited.

"You remember talking to me once about your feeling for this country? How you came here with such high hopes, and then felt a little chilled and disappointed, not welcome?"

"Oh, that!" he said. "Oh, yes! But that is finish now, madame. Now I am very happy, madame."

"Why?" she asked.

He lowered those long lashes in a look of modesty that made Charlotte want to laugh. "You have been in every fashion so *amiable* for me, madame," he said.

"It's made a difference, then?" she said. "For just one American to be friendly?"

"I assure you, madame," he said.

"There's a man coming presently from a newspaper," she went on.

"He wants to print my little talk, and he wants to see you."

"Me, madame?"

"I'd like it very much—and I think it might do some good, Raoul, if you could say a few words to him about your feeling for America."

I AM pleased to do this, madame," he said earnestly.

"I'm so experienced at this sort of thing," she said. "I know what really reaches people. I'd like to make a few suggestions before the reporter comes. Do sit down, Raoul!"

"Thank you, madame," he said—and did sit down, facing her.

He's just eating this up, Charlotte thought with amused indulgence.

"It will sound trite," said Miss Acheson. "But that can't be avoided. I think, Raoul, you'd better start something like this." She thought for a moment. "You'll put it into your own words, of course, but I think it would be wise to begin by

saying what it means to a young man to be in a truly democratic country—"

"Excuse me, madame, but in France was also *democracie*."

"Yes," she said. "But it wasn't the same."

"Excuse me, madame! In France I think it was more *democracie*."

"All right!" she said, laughing. "Then we'll leave that out. I suppose you wouldn't mind saying that you're glad to be in a country that's at peace?"

He rose, and Charlotte was startled to see his dark face grow very pale. His shoulders stiffened, he



ELISABETH
SANXAY
HOLDING

has contributed many stories to *Liberty*. Born in Brooklyn, she married a Londoner and lived for some time in Bermuda. The islands made a colorful background for several short stories and a mystery novel.

raised his head, it was as if his very features changed.

"You think I am like that, madame?" he said. "That if my country suffers, I say, me, I am glad I am here, safe? You are mistaken, madame. That's not how a Frenchman feels!"

"Perhaps I didn't put it very well," said Miss Acheson. "You can just say a few words why you are glad to become a citizen of this country."

"I am not a citizen, madame."

"No, not yet, of course," she said, with a trace of impatience. "But when you've been here longer—"

"Pardon, madame. I shall never renounce my country."

"Raoul, that isn't like you," she said. "You're really intelligent and clear-sighted—"

"Honor is above intelligence, madame!" he said.

"Oh, Raoul!" she said, laughing. "You're talking like a movie hero."

"I regret," he said, stiff as a poker.

"You're much too intelligent to talk like that. If you're going to earn your living here, you owe your allegiance here."

"Excuse me, madame," he interrupted. "I think that you do not know that you insult me. If you permit, I shall go now."

"Nonsense!" she said. "This newspaperman is coming—"

"I cannot say what you wish. It is better that I don't see him."

Miss Acheson rose. She was as tall as he; she too stood very straight, her blue eyes flashed.

"Do you mean to tell me," she said, "that you're willing to find a refuge here, and take advantage of all this country has to offer, and still refuse your allegiance? You don't intend to apply for citizenship?"

"No!" he said; nearly shouted.

"I tell you, madame, I wish to stand by my comrades in this hour. I have

already served in my *classe* in France. That is the *best* experience in my life. I 'ope some day I shall fight for France."

"You know my opinions," she said. "You've read what I've written about hyphenated Americans."

"Certainly, madame," he said, "but I do not agree with what you write."

They looked straight at each other. And Charlotte watched them with her eyes narrowed and her heart racing. She asked herself: *Which will win?*

"I'm sorry, Raoul," said Miss Acheson, "but I can't give employment to any one who is frankly opposed to everything I stand for. Charlotte, please write out a check for Raoul up to the end of the month."

"Up to this day only, if you please, mademoiselle."

HE took off the overcoat and folded it, and put the cap on top of it.

"I return the rest of the uniform later, madame," he said. He brought his heels together and made her a bow. He turned to Charlotte. "Madame, mademoiselle, good-by!"

"Wait!" said Charlotte, but he was gone. She ran out into the corridor after him. "Yes?" he said, turning, still pale and rigid.

"Raoul . . ." she said. "You're—a chump . . ."

"I don't understand 'chump,'" he said.

"Raoul—listen . . ." she said. "My father will give you a job tomorrow. No . . . he'll give you a job *tonight*. I'll meet you at my house at nine o'clock and I'll introduce you to my father."

"Mademoiselle!" he cried. "You have tears in your eyes!"

"It must have been your Latin eloquence," she said.

"You feel, then, as I do?" he asked. "That I am right?"

"I do not," she said. "I disagree with every word you said. I think this is the best country in the world, and I think any one ought to be darn thankful to be allowed to be a citizen."

"But then—" he said, "why shall you help me to find anozzer job?"

"I don't care whether or not people agree with me," Charlotte said. "I don't care what your opinions are—"

"Ah!" he said. "I see." Back came that gay and impertinent smile. "I see you are not a liberal, mademoiselle. Not tolerant—like Miss Ah-shay-son."

A slow and half-reluctant smile came over her face. "No," she said. "I'm a snob. I'm a Tory. I'm a die-hard."

"I don't think so," he said. "I think you are—"

"What?" she asked. "What do you think I am?"

The elevator door opened.

"An American!" he said. "A *bientôt, mademoiselle!*"

THE END

A MAN went hurrying through a street in Manhattan's unthrifty Fifties, went rushing hell-bent on business. And suddenly he stopped.

Had it been the uplifted palm of a traffic cop or a coal truck shooting anthracite into some basement window, he could have checked himself no more effectively.

I looked over his shoulder, and saw a little bit of heaven—an oil painting in a shop window: a picture of a Lady in blue and white, with lilies at her feet, and a golden halo about her serene and lovely head.

The man stared. So did I. He wheeled abruptly, evidently dismissing from his mind as unimportant whatever it was that had carried him so rapidly down the street. He went into the shop and asked to see the proprietor. I followed.

"That picture in the window," he said. "That Madonna of the Lilies. I've got to have it. How much?"

The proprietor smiled. "Three thousand dollars," he said. "That's an original Chambers."

"Oh!" the man replied. "Three thousand. Maybe I spoke too soon. Maybe it's only a copy of that picture I want. An original Chambers, you say. Who is this guy Chambers that picks me up off the street and brings me in here like this? This is the first time I ever thought of buying a holy picture. That's what you call 'em, isn't it? Holy pictures? What's he got, that he interferes so with my private life?"

The shopkeeper didn't understand. "I mean, I should be five blocks away right now, keeping an appointment with a big-dough guy. Yet here I am, gabbing about an artist I never heard of before. Who is he?"

"Chambers. C. Bosseron Chambers. The C.'s for Charley. He's the artist who threw a bucket of paint into the religious art world, the religious chromo world. He's a rebel. He's a modern. He's the man who revolutionized the whole business. This business."

"Yeah? What else did he ever do?"

"Look around you, sir. These are all reproductions of Chambers' pictures. Saints and angels. Christs and Madonnas. He's been doing religious pictures almost exclusively for ten or twelve years. The only American painter of any prominence engaged in this kind of work."

The man stared at the picture of a curly-haired little boy with a halo.

"Light of the World. Say, I've seen that picture before. Chambers do that?"

"It was one of his first. It has sold into the hundreds of thousands. Maybe a million. And at first he couldn't even give it away. Neither could we.

"You remember all those old chromos people used to buy? The Sacred Heart, for instance—know what I mean? A heart with flames shooting out of it, and thorns around it, and blood dripping out of it. Look

at Chambers' Sacred Heart. See what I mean?"

The customer seemed absorbed in the modern idea of the Sacred Heart.

"Look," he said. "This is a masculine Christ. A strong, fine-looking man. A powerful face. And it has something else, too. I don't know what you'd call it, but it's got it."

"Spirituality?" the proprietor suggested.

"That's it." The customer nodded his head vigorously. "Exactly the word. Spirituality."

It wasn't exactly the word for me, but I couldn't think up the word I wanted. Maybe it was 'emotional.' That picture, evidently conceived and created in emotion, excited emotion.

"Why the devil haven't I heard of Chambers before? Or seen his work?" the customer was saying. "He ought to be in every church in America."

The proprietor laughed aloud. "What's so funny about that? You think these pictures don't belong there?"

"No, no. I laughed because the Church has been fighting Mr. Chambers ever since his first pictures. Priests, bishops, ministers, deacons, elders, abbots, monsignors, priors, mothers superior of convents; the holy heads that buy art for churches, hospitals, monasteries, and rectories.

"You see, these people—most of them, that is—were brought up on the old masters. Murillo, Botticelli, Giovanni, Zabateri, Gomez. They liked fat and dowdy Madonnas, skinny and austere saints, saints with whiskers down to here. The old masters couldn't know—any more than we can—exactly what the saints or Christ or the Madonna really looked like. They simply painted the people they saw around them.

"Then along comes Chambers. He makes beautiful Christs, exquisite Madonnas, and human saints that modern people can like and understand. He's given his work a modern touch, a distinctly American touch—just as the old masters gave theirs the feeling of their own lands and times. But, the roar that went up from the Church crowd, you'd think the poor fellow had committed a sacrilege!

"Say, if the people, the common ordinary people who love holy pictures and have to have them—if they hadn't come flocking into the art stores, Chambers would be a bust. But they did come flocking in. And now it's hard to move the other holy pictures.

"And I'll tell you something else. You see these statues? These streamlined things? Chambers paved the way for them. His revolution encouraged the sculptors to revolt. Out with the squat, misshapen, ugly figures. In with the beautiful and the new."

The customer left the shop, finally, after adding a fat St. Anthony to his purchase. Chambers had painted both a lean and a fat saint; you could take your pick.

I lingered, eager to hear more of



Painter

the story of Chambers. But the proprietor had nothing to add to that which I'd overheard.

"Why don't you go see him?" he asked. "His studio's on West Fifty-seventh Street. I understand he's painting the Infant of Prague right now. You know, there is a famous statue of that name. It was brought to Prague by some Spanish woman a couple of hundred years or so ago, and it's one of the best known statues in the world."

The picture had been completed when I visited Chambers' studio—a room that might be a corner in an old cathedral. It rested on an easel in the center of the studio, under a strong light.

Two men besides the artist had seen it before I did. They had, I learned later, each knelt down and prayed reverently, naturally—responding to an impulse they could not resist.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "this must be your best picture, your masterpiece!"

The artist, a stocky, good-looking,

blue-eyed, rumple-haired man in his forties, was not displeased.

"Oh," he said, "I like it. I think it's good. But the picture I think my best is one I call *Ecce Homo*."

He left me, and returned in a few moments and placed the *Ecce Homo* at the foot of the easel. We stepped back a pace or two, and we stared from one picture to the other. The Infant King of heaven and earth, and the Man who stood before Pilate. A thorn-crowned Man whose eyes saw through one. A weird experience, that.

Mr. Chambers, I noticed, was studying me, noting my reactions to each picture.

"Some people," he said, "can't bear to look at the *Ecce Homo*."

"I know," I answered. "It makes you feel guilty. Guilty as Judas."

"Yes. Few people want that picture in their homes. Can't stand those eyes. Once I saw a man burst into tears, staring at that face."

Miraculous Infant Jesus of Prague,
from the painting by C. B. Chambers.
Copyright, Edward Gross Co., Inc.

f Heaven

BY
**EDWARD
DOHERTY**

**How an American artist has brought the magic of
modern beauty to the majesty of an ancient faith**

I too, a week or so later, saw a man weep as he gazed at Chambers' masterpiece. He was smiling and gay one moment, and the next he had swung around from me and was racked with sobs.

"This is a funny way to act," he said. "I don't know what came over me, but all of a sudden here I am—bawling like a baby. I didn't know a mere picture could do anything like that to me."

We sat in a couple of easy chairs across the room from the easel, Chambers and I.

"How long did it take to paint the *Infant*?" I asked.

"About ten days."

"And the other?"

Chambers didn't know.

"I nearly went crazy on that picture," he said. "I tried it first with a model, but it was no good. It was

too much the man, too little the Spirit. And the harder I worked, the more human, the less divine, the face became. I gave up. I let the model go. And then I started in again, without a model of any kind. I just let myself go. I painted and painted and painted until I couldn't paint any longer. Days it took me. How many days, I don't know. I was in a fever.

"And when it was finished, I didn't know whether it was good, bad, or indifferent. I was afraid to show it to anybody. I hid it in a dark closet for weeks. Timidly I took it out then, and looked at it. I knew it had power over me—but would it affect anybody else?"

"My publisher, Rudolf Miehe, a devout Lutheran, loved it. He insisted it was good. And, to prove it, he put it on exhibition in the window of a Fifth Avenue jeweler. I couldn't stay away from that window, from the people looking at it. And when I saw a sailor, a big tattooed old salt, turn away with tears in his eyes—then I knew the picture was good."

Chambers was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and was educated by the Jesuits at St. Louis University. His father, James Mark Chambers, had been a captain in the British army. His mother, Ella Leontine Bosseron, was the daughter of pioneers.

He began his art studies in St. Louis, then went abroad. Among his teachers were Louis Schultz of the

studio, posed him in a poilu's uniform, and went to work.

"I sold that picture to a national magazine. It attracted the attention of some clerics in Chicago, and they asked if I wouldn't do some work in a church there.

"Among other figures I drew for this church was that of St. Joseph with the Child in his arms. The work was accepted, and I went back to New York. But the face of that Child haunted me. I had to paint it. I had to paint it for its own sake. That's the story of the picture I call *Light of the World*. It's the most popular of all my pictures. The next popular, I guess, is that of St. Thérèse, 'the Little Flower.'"

On the *Light of the World* alone, Mr. Miehe told me, Chambers has been paid tens of thousands of dollars in royalties in the last ten years.

Mr. Miehe sighed.

"A queer fellow, Chambers. I guess all geniuses are queer. Up high one minute, and the next minute way down in the dumps. When he works, he works in a fever. And then he gives a man no peace until the new picture is on the market. Always getting ideas, and going into raptures over them, or despair. He wears himself sick with emotion. He puts everything he has into a picture, then hates to part with it."

I told Mr. Miehe about the man who had gone into the shop in the Fifties to buy the Madonna, and stopped to buy a St. Anthony and a Sacred Heart.

"That Sacred Heart took more out of Chambers than any other picture, even his *Ecce Homo*—though he probably wouldn't admit that. Five years that work took. He tried it maybe half a dozen times and he wasn't satisfied. Always he hid the picture, or destroyed it, or something."

"How many pictures has Chambers done?"

"I don't know. Maybe somewhere between fifty and a hundred. Some of them take ten days or two weeks. Some take years. Some sell into the hundreds of thousands. Others—not so well. Like the *Ecce Homo*. People look at it, and if they haven't a good conscience they don't like it. It makes them feel uneasy. Others—well, you just fall in love with them the minute you see them. Like his Madonnas and his saints."

"Is he as popular in other countries as he is in the United States?"

"No. Outside the United States he sells badly. He's too American, I guess. Too modern. After all, it isn't a world-wide revolution in religious art, you know. It's just in this country.

"For the first time in its history, it seems to me, this country is waking up to the necessity of creating and fostering a distinctly American type of art. Chambers is one of the leaders of that movement—and he's certainly opening a lot of American eyes."

THE END

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of *No More Orchids*, *The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll*,
Twilight Cheats, etc.

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LILI KETRIDGE, when her grandmother dies, suddenly feels very much alone in the world. True, she has a father—a self-indulgent painter who lives with his second wife and their children somewhere in Arizona. She also has a mother, but she is in England, having run away from Lili's father years ago with the second or third love-of-her-life.

Shelley Kettridge comes East for his mother's funeral, and discovers that the dynamic hard-working old woman—who had an heroic career as a foreign-news correspondent, a social reformer, and clubwoman, and who thoroughly disapproved of her son's habits—has left all her money to Lili. He advises Lili to make the most of her freedom. She tells him she is going to finish college. "What else is there to do?" she asks.

Before he leaves again for the West, Shelley takes her to dinner with Peter Higgins, a young Westerner who is studying at N. Y. U. Law School. Lili likes Pete, but many months pass and still he does not get in touch with her. She makes a friend of Horace Rumford because he is an N. Y. U. alumnus and she hopes, through him, to meet Pete again. Horry is engaged to Magda, a world-weary sophisticate who soon throws him over for a wealthier man. More and more the weak easygoing Horry is seen with Lili. They visit a college friend of hers in Florida during Easter vacation, and the place buzzes with gossip about them. Finally, when Horry signs a worthless check to pay a gambling debt and Lili says she will make it good, the gossip becomes scandal. She is accused of footing Horry's bills for him—making him a gigolo. Her hostess turns very cold toward her. And the situation is not improved when a telephone call wakes the family in the middle of the night to inform them that Horry, somewhat beaten up, has been found on the beach embankment.

"Take him to a hospital," says Lili. "Yes, I'll pay the bills, if he can't."

PART TWO—A GOOD DEED BACKFIRES

LILI'S hostess, looking very weird with her white hair in pin curls, her over-massaged face gleaming with cream, told Lili off in a very righteous voice:

"I must ask you to leave, Lili, and I shall forbid my daughter to associate with you any more. I've tried very hard to be liberal and lenient in my judgment of you, but you should be aware of all the talk you cause."

"I haven't done anything wrong," mumbled Lili.

Elaine
Horry

The nurse came down in a war-chief bathrobe. She pointed fingers and foretold doom.



Footloose!

A brilliant, daring novel . . . The story of a girl with too much money and too little love

"I don't think you have," the older woman said wearily. "But a girl like you is a public peril."

"Why?" Lili demanded.

The woman stared at her dully. There is something about the spell of gray dawn that uncorsets people's tongues.

"Because," the woman said bitterly, "you are disturbing. You are so attractive that it is no longer genteel. Because you are footloose and you have no one to restrain you. Being young and inexperienced, you are going to cause trouble while you learn the rules. I advise you to marry quickly and settle down. Marry Horace Rumford and it will stop the talk."

Lili's lip trembled and her eyes blazed.

"I'll face the tongues, but—thanks for the advice," she said.

"I didn't expect you to take it." The woman smiled blandly. "But I warn you, Lili, you'll find yourself slowly but firmly put in your place. We mothers—"

"And wives?" Lili broke in insolently.

"Yes, and wives. I'm aware of a number of marital quarrels over you, since you must boast. But we'll put up the fences. Out of respect to your grandmother's name, you won't be dropped from committees, but you'll be asked only for contributions, and you'll discover that invitations will be overlooked or misplaced—with due apologies. You may find yourself the center of attraction, Lili, but only with men, and only at public places and in café society."

"I'll be crushed," Lili shrugged sarcastically.

"You won't like it," her hostess said at the door, and went on up to bed.

The next morning Lili flew North. Horace was out of the hospital two days later, and left Florida—by day coach. His hospital bills were paid and his check at the gambling house was covered. A few of the girls who

stood up for Lili swore she had nothing to do with it. Some said Magda had come through for Horace.

Home at Croton, Lili slept for twenty-four hours. Old Sawyer had no more definite news of Peter Higgins than what he had given over the phone; he merely knew that the young man was on his way East, or would be soon, by bus.

Would be soon! Lili thought impatiently. That might mean weeks! Evidently Shelley had been far too tight to be more specific when he talked long distance. With a frustrated feeling, Lili realized there was no way of reaching her father. Who could telephone or send a wire to a man chasing around in a trailer? . . .

So Lili went over accounts with Old Sawyer, picked up a lot of neglected chores, and tried to talk down the recurrence of thwarted suspense. What did it matter when Pete Higgins came? Why shouldn't Pete have advised her himself of his arrival? No doubt he had not even known that Shelley had phoned Lili, and no doubt about it whatever, Pete Higgins had little desire to see her, or certainly by now he would have been in touch with her. The thing to do was put him out of her mind. If he showed up, O. K.

Meanwhile, there must be some purpose in returning home. She wandered through the house, trying to feel part of it. She peered through Gran's sewing basket and it gave her a lump in her throat. She played Gran's piano as long as she could stand its being out of tune. Gran's cats were fat and spoiled; the yellow one, with virulent eyes, made a point of curling up in whatever chair Lili intended to use.

"This is home sweet home," she told herself, "and there's no place like it. There must be something wrong with me."

She gave the matter much thought, never once remembering that it was essentially Gran's home, and that she should as soon have tried to fit Gran's

clothes. But she sat before Gran's fire and listened to the clock and tried to think. Old Sawyer had relatives visiting over the holidays, and the apartment over the garage rumbled discreetly with laughter and the sound of companionship and card games. In a little while Lili sat alone at her dining table and was served with loving attention and a running comment of affectionate scolding because she had no appetite and had lost weight.

That afternoon she picked up one of Gran's most successful books. Giving and Sharing, said the title. The book proved life's happier trick of living, and had brought fortune to its writer from thousands of inspired readers. Lili read earnestly and was deeply stirred. Let Shelley sneer at his mother and her ideas, the old lady had something there.

So Lili thought. And wandered through the empty rooms and spacious porches and unused baths, and thought hard. Then she phoned energetically, asking about refugees. Over an hour's talk impressed upon her that there was a great deal of red tape in doing good, and that it was easier to get a forged passport than an évacué. Certainly a young unmarried woman would not be allowed the care of children.

All right. But there were needy places with no international problems. Lili called the nearest hospital, still on fire to do good strenuously.

You would think it would be simple to ask if one or two patients would like to recuperate in a comfortable home. You certainly would. But, from the way the hospital officials talked, they considered her slightly mad or very drunk. The head doctor, Dr. Alberts, who had known Gran, called back personally a few hours later and spoke as one would to a feverish case. At his suggestion Lili wheeled out her car and went to see him.

HE was human and he was progressive and he was a man. He could see that Lili wanted to do good, and it touched him. Granted she had a lovely home with plenty of space, and she would gladly pay for a nurse. There would be good home food and a change from hospital atmosphere. Lili herself would be home only a week, and the house might as well be used while she was gone.

So it was arranged that two elderly women, who might be greatly benefited, would be sent over with a nurse in the morning. And Lili, greatly pleased, went home—to break the news to Old Sawyer.

"Haven't you ever read Giving and Sharing?" she asked him at length, almost in tears.

"You bet your life I have," he grunted. "Your Gran didn't give or share her teeth, nor her bed either. What do you think a home is for? What do you think hospitals is for? Don't you s'pose people has figured out the difference by now?"

"The philosophy is beyond you,"

Lili said with dignity. "It seems very difficult for people to understand a simple thing like 'do unto others.' I'm sure if I were an old lady getting over an illness I'd be joyful to be in a nice pretty home."

"I don't see how you got to col-

QUESTIONS

Score yourself on this quiz as follows:

1- 5 correct	Bad!
6-10 correct	Good!
11-15 correct	Wonderful!
16-20 correct	!

1—Who was famous for owning and operating The Greatest Show on Earth?

2—Where would you be more likely to catch cold, in sunny Florida or frozen Antarctica?

3—What is the highest known mountain in the world, and how high is it?

4—How much lead is there in the ordinary lead pencil?

5—If Congress wished to make the city limits of Washington, D. C., larger than ten miles square, would they have to pass a bill, get a constitutional amendment, or ask the President to issue an executive order?

6—What connection have the dandelions on your front lawn with the lions of the jungle?

7—If you unwittingly and unintentionally make a misstatement under oath, are you guilty of perjury?

8—What are the five climatic zones into which the earth is divided?

9—What President served the shortest full term in office?

10—What connection, if any, did the fox terrier, popular pet of so many homes, ever have with foxes?

11—From what custom do we get the phrase "bury the hatchet"?

12—Birth rates are assuming more and more importance in world affairs. Did that of the United States increase or decrease in 1940?

13—Which is the oldest English colony, and what non-British flag recently flew over part of its soil for the first time?

14—Fifteen, thirty, forty are the accepted point scorings in what game?

15—Questioned in a murder, a beggar said, "I went up to the man, asked him for money. He held out five coins, said they were all he had in the world, gave me one of them—a dime. Later, I heard he was killed. I didn't do it." Police found twenty-three cents on the victim, and arrested the beggar. Why?

16—What may be called the largest publishing organization in the United States?

17—On what mountain did Moses receive the Ten Commandments?

18—Studying the two dates carefully, can you tell what name the period between March 20 and June 28, 1815, is known by in connection with the closing events of Napoleon's career?

19—Is it possible for raindrops to start falling from a cloud but never reach the earth?

20—How many possessions of the United States are officially known as territories?

(Answers will be found on page 31)

lege," Sawyer marveled, sucking his underlip.

"Until we know how to share openly and fullheartedly the world will always be full of war and greed," Lili told him. "Order milk of magnesia, Sawyer, and get an extra maid to help, and be sure we have good soups."

"No mush?"

"Here's their diet list," said Lili. "Now I'll make the beds fresh and order flowers."

She was very happily busy for hours; and then in a nice glow she began phoning people—just to let them know she was back home but far too absorbed to come in town and play with them. Magda Manning kept her on the phone for the dark ages, and Lili gabbled what she could about Horry, and wisely conjectured that Magda was far from happy as her wedding date to Bugs Dourbon approached.

Ah, well, she thought, as she hung up with a nice pity, Magda was a getter and a taker.

THE two old ladies arrived early the next morning with their thick-legged, thick-spectacled nurse, who plainly expected the worst from the whole set-up. Mrs. Noonning, the older of the invalids, wept over the old-fashioned charm of Gran's house, delighting like a child at the sound of the grandfather's clock. Mrs. Noonning cried even when she was happy, and her idea of fun was to talk about the past. After her nap and her bath and her rub and her midmorning buttermilk, Mrs. Noonning sat up, all wrapped in Gran's afghans, and talked to Lili. It was a wonderful way for Lili to do good—just to listen—and sometimes she marveled that so many misfortunes could happen to one human being, and sometimes she just thought of the mess in Florida, the aimlessness of her college studies, or of Peter Higgins somewhere between Arizona and New York. In her memory she could still hear his voice and laughter, and feel the clean fresh windy impression of him. It was toxic. . . .

The other patient, a Mrs. Horton, groaned. She groaned very loudly and very often. She would rouse herself to walk about and ask many questions, but she seldom listened to the answers and she sighed ponderously. She didn't like Old Sawyer, and her bed was in a draft, and the pillows were too hard. Lili found her a jigsaw puzzle and they did the edges together, and Mrs. Horton became quite nice, except that she thought Lili used too much make-up and was wasting her youth.

All went well—even with Miss Gibbons, the nurse, who had a passion for music and loved Gran's records—until late afternoon. Whereupon an enormous car with much chromium plumbing drove up to Lili's door, and Magda and Bugs Dourbon were on the doorstep.

Bugs was in high spirits, eager to please every one, chiefly himself. Magda was in a mood. Magda was in a violent mood. She was just getting over an attack of flu and too much holiday, Bugs explained, and they had decided Lili would be the best medicine. Bugs brought in five ducks he had shot, and Sawyer took them off in disgust. Bugs also brought in a basket of champagne which he was going to shoot, and proceeded to do

so. They had two champagne cocktails apiece, and, at Bugs' suggestion, went out for a walk. Bugs walked as if it were his career, filling his lungs, asking the girls wasn't it great, and telling them how good it was for them. They walked for two hours, and then Magda and Lili sought Lili's bedchamber to bathe and talk. Magda was rather fed up on Bugs' activity, and the strain of being the homespun, tweedy woman he admired.

"Wouldn't you think," she wailed, "he would be soft and degenerate like any other self-respecting third-generation capitalist?"

HE had, they found when they joined him, rested and dressed, visited the sick. He and the sick got along famously, but he and the nurse vigorously didn't.

"I had old Mrs. Noonan dancing," he grinned, "and she'll never be as sick again. I told Gibbons she was a lousy nurse—those old frails need exercise and sun and fresh air and deep breathing. I taught them deep breathing, and it knocked Mrs. Horton out. A good lungful will, you know, if you're not used to it."

"Bugs," said Magda, "you leave Lili's good works alone and do some of your own."

"The ducks are almost ready, and afterward we're going to have a square dance," he told them.

"A what?" Lili puzzled.

"A square dance—in the garage. With Old Sawyer's family. They're very pleased and they're moving the Capehart out there. It'll be fun. Couldn't you round up a few others to fill out the number? I know the Littlefields up the way a piece, and I've phoned them and they're bringing their guests."

"How engaging!" said Magda.

"We have time for some ping-pong before dinner, and I brought the table out of the attic to the library."

"You and Lili play," said Magda, "and I'll make the cocktails."

"I'll give you ten bucks if you can get the nurse to take one." He saluted, and tugged Lili into the library.

They played fast and furious, and Lili loved it. She loved everything, especially the square dance. It was wonderful having Old Sawyer in a good humor, and his folks weaving in and out of dance steps and calling, "Cha-a-ange partners," and why should the nurse complain when it was all held in the garage away from the house? The patients slept, even if she didn't.

The Littlefields came, and brought six or seven hilarious friends and a big bundle of "dogs to get hot." And it was one in the morning before the evening half started. But Old Sawyer's folks were going home on that day, and they retired, happy and perspiring. Back in the house, the men settled to a ping-pong tournament, and the girls made bets and lolled before the fire and grew garrulous, and any time some one mentioned going home they decided there was plenty of time. At three they went

to the kitchen and dirtied up all of Sawyer's neatness, and made omelets and toast. Unfortunately, around the table after eating, they began to sing. There was no harm in that really, but the nurse came down in a war-chief bathrobe. Perhaps she wouldn't have become hysterical if some one hadn't laughed at her and tried to add to her costume with a feather duster in her hair. But she did get hysterical, and very. She pointed fingers and foretold doom and called up the hospital, and not even Lili could calm her, though she tried and tried.

So the patients were waked prematurely and dressed by a neurotic nurse and became quite upset themselves. And an ambulance came for



"I had it put there for my wife to practice not parking by."

them and carted them away from Lili's home atmosphere. But every one else was wonderful and they comforted Lili and jollied her into laughing at the whole business, and pretty soon they were all out in Gran's meadow, shooting at tin cans lined up on a wall.

A policeman stopped by shortly afterward. He just seemed to want to know what was going on. The boys told him and showed him around and took him inside, and Old Sawyer joined them, and pretty soon the policeman went along his way.

Then the party broke up, and Old Sawyer told the boys, eye to eye, that he knew and the cop knew there was no harm in youth and high spirits; but, after all, Miss Lili might not be judged as leniently by the village forefathers and -mothers, and shouldn't they remember she had considerable prestige to maintain? And every one said "Good Old Sawyer" and drove off, and Lili and Magda and Bugs went to bed in the full sunlight.

When the girls woke, Bugs was gone. He left a note reminding Magda that his mother was having a dinner that night which he had almost forgotten, and he must go help the old girl hear chamber music. He'd

be let out of bondage by 10 P. M.ish, and would Magda meet him at Twenty One?

That was a break for Magda. She could remain comfortably haggard for hours and hug her knees and talk to Lili. She could phone Horry and give him a call for all that had happened in Florida. Then Horry could call back and make it up. Then Magda could call Horry and make a suggestion. Then Horry could call back. And this went on and on.

In the meantime, around noon, just when Lili was awake enough to feel left out of things again, an upholstered telegram came from her father:

DEAREST DAUGHTER OF A TALENTED FATHER, SWEET OFFSPRING OF A HIGH TIDE ROMANCE THAT WENT TO POT, SORRY NOT TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TALK TO YOU THE OTHER NIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU STAY PUT? STOP. THINGS ARE GOING FINE WITH ME AND YOU WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW THAT IF THINGS KEEP UP THIS WAY I'LL SOON BE PAYING INCOME TAX BUT I SHALL SEE TO IT OF COURSE THAT THINGS DON'T KEEP UP THIS WAY. STOP. YOUNG HIGGINS LEFT HERE AFTER HIS SISTER'S FUNERAL JUST AFTER EASTER WITH HIS NIECE SIX YEARS OLD. STOP. I TOLD HIM YOU WOULD HELP HIM FIND A PLACE TO KEEP HER AS SHE IS NOT A VERY HEALTHY CHILD AND HE DOES NOT WANT HER TO LIVE IN THE CITY BUT HE DOES WISH TO FINISH HIS COURSES. STOP. PLEASE PHONE HIM AT INTERNATIONAL HOUSE WHERE HE WILL BE A FEW DAYS. STOP. I HAVE BEEN COMMISSIONED TO DO A POST OFFICE MURAL OF JIGGER EXPRESS THEME EXCUSE PLEASE I MEAN PONY EXPRESS. YOURS NO LONGER ON RELIEF BUT BAS RELIEF. SHELLEY.

LILI read it several times, and her mouth went very dry and her breath quickened. She forced herself to answer Magda's rather sharp demand for attention.

"What?" she asked weakly.

"I just said Horry is on his way out," Magda repeated. "Is your wire important?"

"Not very, perhaps."

"How definite. You don't mind Horry's coming?"

"Of course not, brainless."

"And you'll leave us alone to talk?"

"Sure. I'll probably be out myself. I've got to make a phone call now."

She went downstairs for privacy, and called the International House. She found, to her joy, that Mr. Higgins had checked in the day before. Yet, simultaneously with her joy, she bitterly wondered why he hadn't telephoned her. Evidently Mr. Peter Higgins was out at the moment, and they didn't know when he would return. They took all of Lili's careful messages.

Magda had crawled back into bed, explaining that it was her usual procedure whenever Bugs was beyond the horizon.

"Bugs was quite crazy about you,"

Magda rumbled comfortably. "You could take him off my hands any time."

"I took one man off your hands and I'm cured," Lili sighed.

"I swear I was just about ready to go back to Horry, only he's just lost his job." Magda smiled grimly. "He got insolent with his boss, who didn't like what were obviously the marks of a fight. I gather that some Florida rumors had reached the ears of Horry's boss, anyway."

THE phone rang and two pairs of scarlet-nailed hands reached for it. Lili's got the prize.

Peter Higgins, his voice sounding just as she remembered it throughout all the long lame months, was asking if she minded if he took the next train to Croton.

She assured him she did not mind. She hung up the receiver, tossed pillows to the ceiling, pulled out clothes from her closet, hugged Magda mercilessly, and left her with permission to treat the place as her own.

In the hallway she saw Old Sawyer, and remembered that he was to drive his relatives home that afternoon. She saw them all off joyously, and went back to explain to Magda that cold supper had been left and she would have to dish it out herself.

"How disgusting!" said Magda. "But thanks."

With a joy of spirit she had never quite achieved from giving and sharing, Lili drove her car out into the big worth-while world. She stopped and bought gifts for the two elderly patients and Miss Gibbons. She went to the hospital and saw them all, apologizing happily. She talked to Dr. Alberts and explained that her friends were quite harmless but did have a good time rather thoroughly. The doctor laughed and patted her hand.

"As far as that goes, I rather wish I had been there myself," he said. "But it's hardly the schedule for convalescents, you know. And I must say, Miss Kettridge, that there are many who won't understand, as I do, that an all-night party was merely dancing and ping-pong and shooting tin cans."

"I'm a little tired of what people understand, doctor," she told him.

"Now you mustn't get that into your head," he advised. "Get a community down on you and life can be pretty wretched."

"I can look myself in the eye," she told him, with a brave tilt to her head, "and my horse likes me."

"But horses can't talk," he grinned. "Miss Gibbons can—and will. And so will the patients."

"All right." She shrugged. "If they burned Joan of Arc at the stake, what should I expect?"

And off she drove to the station—arriving, as she might have known, way ahead of time.

Peter Higgins looked thinner and quite pale. But from the moment he swung off the train, his overcoat open, his hat on the back of his head, Lili Kettridge knew she would be tor-

mented with the thought of him unless and until she could belong to him. It was a frightening thought, yet comforting. It was something to know you had found your man, and nice to be assured that all the goofy mooning of months had not been imagination.

He blinked when he saw her. He smiled briefly and stared, hands on his hips. Then he whistled slowly.

"What have you done to yourself?" he demanded.

She laughed, abashed.

"Grown up," she said.

"Is that what you call it? Well. How do you do? I feel I'm meeting a stranger. It was only—a few months ago, wasn't it?—when I met a rather shy kid with really yellow hair around her shoulders."

She flushed, fully aware that he had thought his thoughts all these months, too.

"And why," she asked consequently, when they were in her car, "did you cut the shy kid dead?"

He met the question with his deep-set blue eyes suddenly cold.

"I thought maybe I'd meet you four or five years from now."

"Meaning what?"

"Meaning when I got through with kindergarten and was big enough to play with the boys and girls who have chips."

"Oh."

That explained that. She smiled tremulously at him. And as they drove on he explained a lot of other things. Refusing to accept her help with his little niece. Or her hospitality. She thought frantically as they drove from place to place, realizing that she had utterly misgauged his means. And at length she remembered a Mrs. Robbins who used to do Gran's wash. Mrs. Robbins proved the perfect answer. She was reasonable, she was motherly, and she and Pete seemed to speak the same language. She had lost her only child several years ago, and she welcomed the thought of taking Peggy Baxter. Her husband drove a school bus, and that rather took care of that. Pete arranged to commute out every weekend, and mused over the possibility of a summer job in or around the town. Quite clearly his heart was mortgaged to his baby niece and he took his guardianship of her with touching seriousness.

The matter settled, they got back into Lili's car and she showed him the village.

"You'll have supper with me, of course," she said. "But Old Sawyer

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★ **AMERICANS**, by Webb Waldron. The Greystone Press.

An interpretation of America in terms of its "little people"; a group of amateur astronomers, a Texas town's own circus, a Socialist mayor, a country editor, a rural photographer, doctors who dare be different, and many others. Americans all, and typical of the American pioneer spirit and way of life.

is out, and I have some guests, and we'll have to scratch for ourselves."

"I don't think I'm in the mood for guests," he said. "Couldn't we—perhaps—be alone?"

"Tickled."

"I saw a diner back a little ways. How about it?"

So they went to the diner and had Western sandwiches, which Pete laughed at, and behind the counter he fixed up some real Western sandwiches himself, and he and the owner argued out the point just like people who get into arguments about clam chowder. They had pie with ice cream, and Pete had two helpings. Then he fished out a timetable. A woman at the International House had put Peggy to bed and was watching over her this evening, but Pete wanted to be back early and get the child out first thing in the morning.

"Gotta get her settled and myself back into harness all in three days, he explained, with a fretful frown.

"But surely you'll just stop by and see the house?" Lili pleaded.

He pulled his finger down the train schedule and smiled.

"Got just fifty minutes."

He fell in love with the house from the first moment, and berated Lili with mock gravity for not knowing the architect. She listened, and marveled that she had never appreciated the fine points of the place as she led him from room to room.

From the start, sensing the quiet, she knew Magda had left; and when, as Pete followed her upstairs, she found a note on her bedroom door-knob, she barely stopped to read it:

Thanks, darl, for everything. Nothing makes sense and nothing ever will, but I've gone back to town to meet Bugs, and Horry will be all right eventually.

MY guests," Lili mumbled in the hallway. "Gone home."

Pete raised one eyebrow.

"Maybe we'd better not go into that room," Lili smiled thinly. "She was resting there all day and I'm sure it hasn't been made up."

At that moment there came a loud protesting groan and Lili put her hand to her throat in sudden fright.

Horry's voice rang out hoarsely:

"What goes on there?"

Lili swallowed hard. She knew Pete was looking at her, and she glanced at him, frightened and confused.

"I—I can explain," she gasped.

Her bedroom door swung open. And Horry peered out angrily through red-rimmed eyes, his hair tousled, his shirt neck open.

"You needn't bother," said Peter Higgins quietly, and walked past her to the stairs.

Has Lili lost Peter? Will he listen to her explanation, or will the gossip about her and Horry turn him from her? Events soon take a surprising turn in this vivid and moving story of a beautiful girl who gloried in her freedom until love captured her heart.

NOT content with winning last summer's All-Star Game and last fall's World Series, the National League went right on to turn last winter's hot-stove championship into a runaway race.

The American League made a good try. The notion of swapping Joe DiMaggio and the Yankee Stadium and the Newark Bears and the Kansas City Blues and a couple of hundred assorted hired hands for Jim Farley and \$4,000,000 had its points—but when the spring thaws came and the money boys were still quibbling, the fans lost interest.

Even if the Farley deal had jelled more rapidly, it could hardly have hoped to overshadow the supercolossal preseason activities of one Leland Stanford MacPhail, who, already established as the Barnum of baseball, has insisted on becoming its David Harum. Going into a high fever of buying and trading, the Brooklyn redhead topped his \$132,500 purchase of Muscles Medwick by laying \$175,000 and six players on the line for Pitcher Kirby Higbe of the Phillies, Catcher Mickey Owen of the Cards, and Utility Infielder Lew Riggs of the Reds.

In his excitement, Laughing Larry almost traded himself to the Boston Bees. Fortunately—at least for Brooklyn fans and for the Brooklyn bank which owns the Dodgers—the crisis passed. Trader Horn is still doing business at the old grandstand.

Of course there is nothing new about this buying-and-trading fever of Larry's. The Brooklyn club's player roster contains, if memory serves me right, among its thirty-odd privates fit for active service, only five—Babe Phelps, Hot Potato Hamlin, Johnny (Chips) Hudson, Fat Freddy Fitzsimmons, and Cookie Lavagetto—who were on the team when Larry took it over. Knowing him, one suspects that his chief reason for keeping some of these five was that he liked their funny names!

MacPhail is not infallible. He calls many but chooses few. In his brief Brooklyn tenure he has probably discarded more of his acquired players than he has kept. For example, when he took over, the club did not have an outfielder who could be depended upon to field, throw, and hit. It didn't have any rookies coming up who showed signs of being able to supply all three of these requisites of a good outfielder. In fact, it had hardly any rookies at all. Anyhow, Larry couldn't wait for boys to grow up. All he could do was buy. And he didn't have any money. The club was already in the hands of the bank. But Larry is a fast and convincing talker. He succeeded in prying loose enough small change to enable him to shop around in the bargain basement of baseball.

The club's chief weakness being its outfield, Larry went to work on that first. And, not being able to buy quality, he bought quantity. At one

Baseball blitzkrieg! Will it win? The lowdown on a lively enigma for 1941

**BY
YANKEE
STADE**

Kirby Higbe, one of Larry's most sensational buys.

Can Larry MacPhail buy a Pennant?

time he had twelve outfielders, none of them too good, but, played in various combinations, they were able to present a good enough defense to get by and a fair offense. His team was still far from perfect, but it was better than it had been—which is the MacPhail idea of progress.

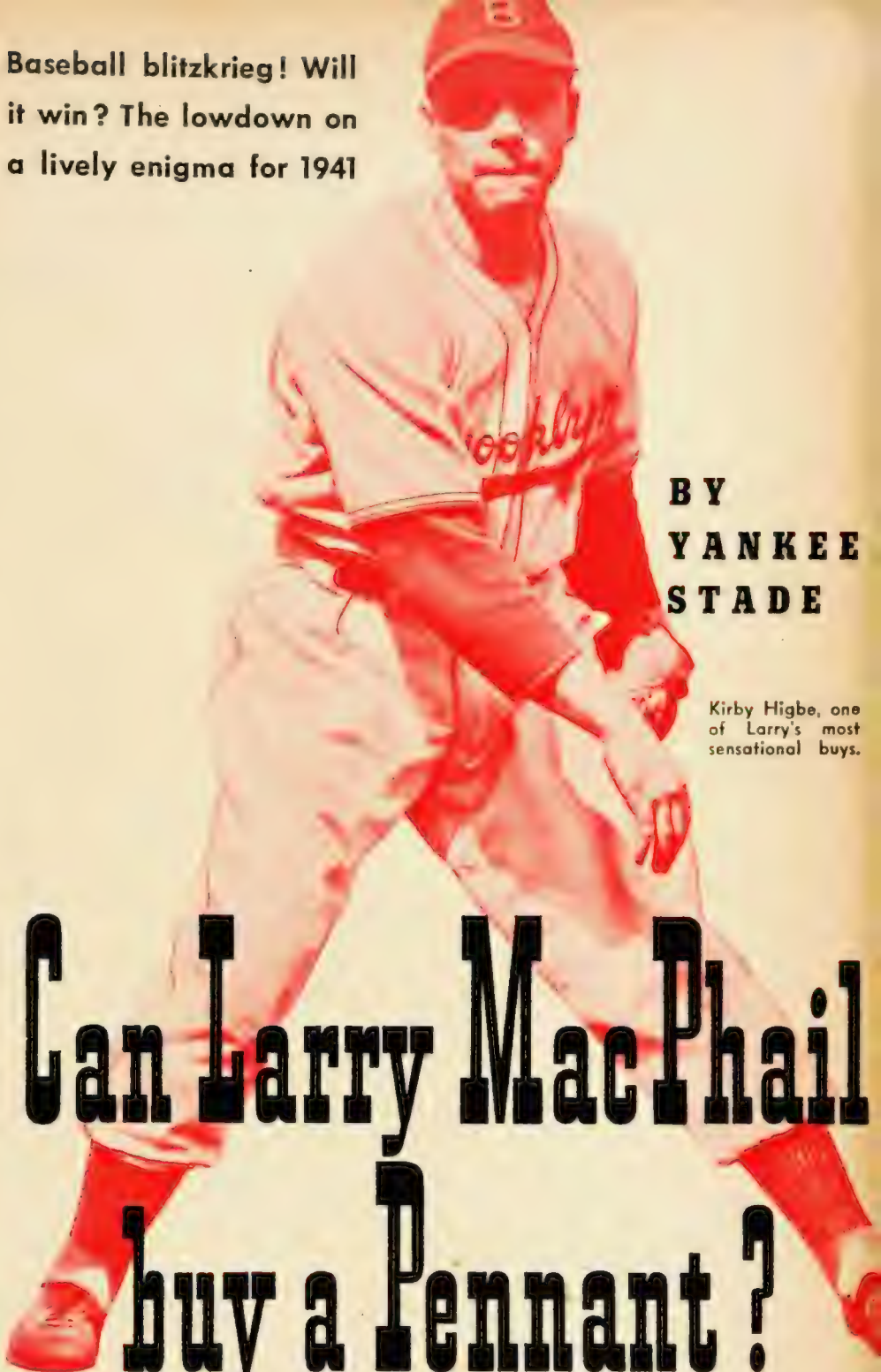
"Suppose," says Larry in explanation of his system, "a man had a barn full of rats and eight ratholes. One year he plugs up two of the ratholes. He still has the rats. The next year he plugs up two more. He still has the rats. The next year he plugs two more. Still rats. Then he plugs one. Still rats. And finally he plugs

up the last hole, and no more rats."

And how did Larry become the baseball shop's best customer?

It was simple enough. His resourcefulness and ingenuity and, above all, his warm inspiring personality got results. Crowds came pouring in again through the turnstiles at Ebbets Field, and provided him with cash in the bank to do some really important shopping. Then it was that he started out to buy a pennant.

"No trade is a good trade until the season is over," Joe McCarthy once said, "unless, of course, you deal for cash." That, obviously, is



Larry MacPhail's idea. He believes he can't hurt his ball team if all he gives up is money. And how that boy can give! The efficient United Press has assembled the figures. Here they are—the players Larry bought and what they cost him:

CATCHERS		
	Cash	Players
Mickey Owen	\$75,000	Two
Herman Franks	17,500	None
Angelo Giuliani	7,500	None
PITCHERS		
Kirby Higbe	\$100,000	Three
Whit Wyatt	30,000	Two
Curt Davis ¹	—	—
Tex Carleton	10,000	None
Hugh Casey	6,000	None
Wes Flowers	15,000	None
Lee Grissom	10,000	None
Ed Head	5,000	None
Max Macon	10,000	None
Steve Rachunok	10,000	None
Kemp Wicker	10,000	None
Bill Swift	7,500	None
INFIELDERS		
Dolf Camilli	\$50,000	None
Pete Coscarart	17,500	Two
Peewee Reese	40,000	Four
Alex Kampouris	10,000	One
Don Ross	7,500	None
Lew Riggs ²	6,000	None
OUTFIELDERS		
Charlie Gilbert	\$20,000	None
Joe Vosmik	25,000	None
Joe Gallagher ³	25,000	None
Joe Medwick	132,500	Four
Dixie Walker	10,000	None
Pete Reiser	100	None
Jim Wasdell	17,500	None
George Staller	None	None

¹ Davis was included in the Medwick deal which involved \$132,500 and four players.

² Floyd Young, drafted from Atlanta for \$6,000, was traded, even, for Riggs.

³ Gallagher was obtained in an even trade for Roy Cullenbine, who was given \$25,000 to sign after Commissioner Landis ruled him a free agent.

The observant fan will note that in only seven of these recorded transactions did Larry MacPhail give up players as well as cash. In short, he is trying to bring a pennant to Brooklyn by the money route.

Can he get away with it? Can Hustler Larry MacPhail buy a pennant for the Dodgers when Millionaire Tom Yawkey couldn't for the Red Sox?

Tom Yawkey is still young and vigorous, and so presumably is his bank roll, and he is still trying to win a pennant. But among fans his name stands for the unprecedented all-out effort which he made in the middle '30s to create almost overnight, through the alchemy of gold, a championship ball club. For prices almost unbelievable, the new club owner bought what amounted to a ready-made team of recognized stars from the ancient and sorrowing Cornelius McGillicuddy: Foxx, Grove, Cramer, Marcum, Walberg, MacNair, Higgins. He spent more good money for Joe Vosmik, Ben Chapman, and the Ferrells, Wes and Rick. And he brought Joe Cronin from Washington to Boston as shortstop and manager for a reputed all-time high of \$250,000.

To help Cronin, Tom hired famous Eddie Collins to act as general manager, astute ex-Umpire Billy Evans to run the baseball farms, and the educated catcher, Moe (Information Please!) Berg, to tell the young pitchers how to pitch.

Thus armed, the rich Red Sox proceeded to win no pennants. Instead, they finished two years in fourth position, and then took a nose dive into the second division. But at long last they began to show signs that class and money will tell. They began finishing in second position behind the Yankees—a long way behind, to be sure.

"When the Yankees slip," faithful Boston fans were saying, "it's all over but the shouting."

The Yankees did slip. It was the Sox's great chance. But after fifty-seven glorious days Tom Yawkey's costly collection of bric-à-brac did some slipping on their own account.

Coming into the 1941 season, Yawkey has turned from buying to trading. Thereby he has acquired, among others, Frankie Pytlak, Cleveland's second-string catcher, who should prove to be the chief improvement he has made. Of course, as Connie Mack has said, "The American League is pretty evenly balanced now, so anything may happen." Even Tom Yawkey may get a break yet! But, as of the opening of his eighth season in major-league ball, it must be admitted that this man who started out to buy a pennant has not only failed to do so but seems unlikely to do so in the near future.

Why is it, then, that almost everybody believes Larry MacPhail, who has started out to do the same thing, will succeed, if not this year, next?

Frankly, there is little in the individual records of the Dodgers, on the basis of last year's play, to justify such faith. On the mythical All-Star Team picked at season's end by more than 300 members of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, not one Brooklyn player found a place. In the official individual batting averages, only one Brooklyn player made the first ten, and he, Dixie Walker, was the tenth man. The team, as a whole, batted sixth in its league of eight.

IN short, if we believe that figures don't lie, the Dodgers of 1940 justified the uncomplimentary phrases which had been applied to the Dodgers of 1939. They were still an "assorted collection of cast-offs and come-ups" and "fugitives from the American League." But—and this is the important point—they jumped in 1939 from a seventh-place club to a third-place club, and in 1940 to a second-place club.

There must be a reason for the difference between Tom's results and Larry's results. There is. Tom bought his players because on their records they were good players, and Larry bought his because at the moment he needed them and knew

what he wanted to do with them—namely, to plug holes with them.

To be sure, Yawkey had advice, and from smart baseball men. But it is the man at the top who makes the final decision. Yawkey, a newcomer in baseball, could not be expected to know where the holes in his team were. MacPhail, an old hand, did know.

The holes are not always big ones, and they do not always call for star players to fill them. One of the Yankees' great strengths year in and year out has been relief pitching, chiefly Fireman Johnny Murphy's. Perhaps their chief weakness in 1940 was that, until the last few weeks of the season, they didn't get any relief pitching. During the first part of the season Fireman Johnny couldn't even get to the fire. The point is that these bull-pen pitchers get few headlines but are vitally important. MacPhail managed to get several fair ones; he is still on the hunt for the one. Frankie Frisch in Pittsburgh has one who is perhaps today's best in Mace Brown. Mac would bid high for Mace.

NOT all the holes in the baseball barn have to be filled with high-priced players. Sometimes they don't have to be filled by players at all. Yawkey's Red Sox were saved last year from an even worse showing by the unexpectedly good batting of Lou Finney, hitherto a run-of-the-mine player, who suddenly stepped out and led the league in batting throughout a good part of the season. Reason: Hughie Duffy, old-time Boston favorite, showed Lou what was the matter with his style. In other words, a coach may be quite as important as a playing star. Arthur Fletcher of the Yankees certainly is, and, thanks to MacPhail's foresight, so is Charley Dressen of the Dodgers. The right coach for Yawkey's promising young pitchers might have made the Red Sox world's champions of 1940.

And what wise baseball man will deny that Trainer Denny Carroll's expert work on Schoolboy Rowe's arm, Charlie Gehringer's back, and Dick Bartell's legs gave Detroit the edge which won the American League pennant of 1940?

I offer these simply as examples of the fact that it takes baseball instinct as well as baseball money to build a winning team and to keep it winning. Tom Yawkey spent money. Larry MacPhail is spending money plus. And not always big money, at that. Aside from the \$50,000 he is said to have paid for Dolf Camilli, an established star, the \$30,000 he paid for Whit Wyatt, an experienced pitcher, and the \$40,000 he paid for Peewee Reese, a minor-league sensation for whom almost every major club was bidding, and for whom Larry had to bid highest when Leo Durocher's legs suddenly began to tire, Larry's purchases during his early hole-plugging period were strictly at buyers'-market prices.

And perhaps the \$100 he spent to get young Pete Reiser to training camp may prove the best investment of all.

A lot of people laughed when Pete, the unknown, began playing shortstop for Brooklyn during the spring training season two years ago. And those who hadn't watched Pete perform in the South were still laughing when he began playing in the regular line-up. And the same people laughed loudest of all when he went back to the minors and Leo Durocher went back to short.

But Pete had shown something. He could not only field, throw, and hit but he had that rare instinct to play ball the right way: to play for the batter, to wait out the pitcher, to throw to the right base. This is the quality which makes a Ty Cobb, which distinguishes the whole DiMaggio clan. And Larry MacPhail was wise enough to see that the kid Pete Reiser had it while other baseball magnates' eyes were blurred with tears from laughter.

The only trouble was that Larry didn't need a shortstop. He had Leo Durocher, he had Johnny Hudson, and he had Pee-wee Reese coming up. In fact, he didn't need any infielders at all. Dolf Camilli at first base was a grand target for young infielders to throw at, and last year he was third in long-distance hitting in his league. Pete Coscarart was, and is, a smart second baseman of the Durocher type, and when he is feeling right, he can hit. And Cookie Lavagetto, many believe, is the league's best third baseman.

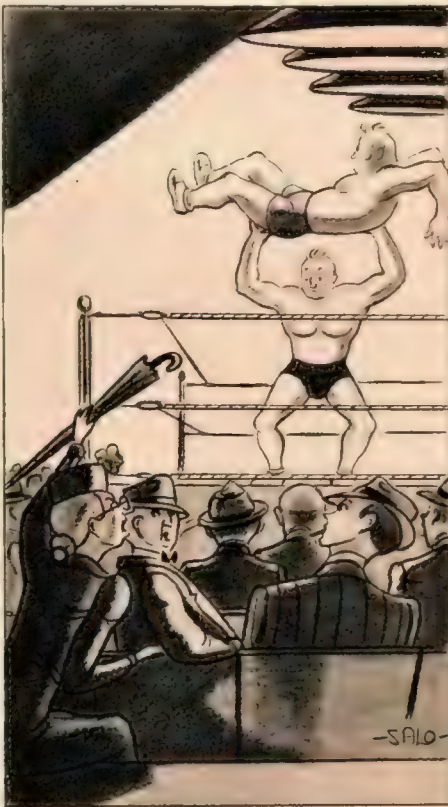
So Larry sent Pete Reiser to the minors to learn to play right field. Pete learned. And in the closing days of the season MacPhail got the reward which he deserved. Looking across Ebbets Field to a lone figure shagging fly balls in practice—Pete was filling in again in the regular games at short for the injured Pee-wee—Larry cocked an eye and aimed a finger. "There," he said, "is our 1941 right fielder."

RESOURCEFUL — what? Ingenious, too. But a man as clever as Larry MacPhail is bound sometimes to outsmart himself. The Giants had a player named Jimmy Ripple. In the spring and the early summer Jim is a feather at the bat, but in the fall he is a roaring lion. More than once he had saved Bill Terry's club coming down the stretch. But Bill, in one of his inexplicable moves, let Ripple out in midseason. Larry grabbed him.

Once more Rip delivered. Experts gave him a large share of the credit for holding the Dodgers up in third place during the fall of 1939. But Larry, coming into 1940 with more outfielders than he could carry, in view of the league's player limit, conceived the idea of letting Jim Ripple play his light-hitting months in the minors, with the pleasant intention of calling him back when the leaves began to fall. A good scheme as

Larry envisaged it; but he can't attend to everything; there was some mix-up in the front office about waivers; and Jimmy Ripple, instead of coming back to win the pennant for the Dodgers, was grabbed up by Cincinnati and by his consistent slugging jolly well beat them out of it.

MacPhail's percentage of successes is, however, very high. Take, for instance, a little bit of juggling he pulled off this last winter which went



"You throw him at me again, young man, and I'll have you arrested."

unnoticed in the smoke and fire of his big-money deals.

There is a pretty fair ballplayer named Floyd Young—called Pep—who has been knocking around the Pirate infield for the past half dozen years. At one time Pep promised to become a great second baseman. When Burgess Whitehead went into a temporary decline some years ago, Terry was reported willing to offer almost anything—except real ballplayers and real cash—for Young. But, what with injuries and youngsters coming along, Pep found himself relegated to the post of utility infielder and finally sold to the minors.

Larry picked him up for \$6,000. But he didn't have any use for him. He had Pete Coscarart, a star second baseman, playing regularly; Johnny Hudson, as good at second as at short and a fine young hitter when the chips were down; and Cookie Lavagetto, who was a promising second baseman before Larry switched him to third. What Larry needed to strengthen his infield was not a sec-

ond baseman or a shortstop but a third baseman who could stand in for Cookie in time of need. And at third Pep Young was no dice.

On the other hand, Cincinnati, Brooklyn's hated rival, had just the man the Dodgers needed in Lew Riggs. And it was to get Riggs that Larry had gone to the trouble of digging up Young. He knew that Cincinnati needed an experienced reserve for Frey at second. So he got on the long-distance, and now Riggs is with the Dodgers and Young with the Reds.

Simple maneuvers, these. Many experienced baseball men would not be sufficiently wise to see the need of them in time, or sufficiently adroit to execute them. A young man coming in through the box-seat entrance, as genial, likable Tom Yawkey did, couldn't be expected to be, either. But Larry MacPhail was.

By comparison, there was nothing especially interesting about the Medwick deal. After Larry had gotten all the other ratholes in his outfield barn plugged up, a much duller man than he would have seen that he needed a power hitter in left field. He thought he had the man in Vosmik, but Joe fell way off from the form of his old Cleveland days. Medwick was obviously his best bet, and Medwick's club needed the money. Larry was tops with the bank now. The rest was easy.

THE Higbe deal was a natural, too. Larry had two top-notch pitchers in Hamlin and Wyatt, a great veteran spot pitcher in Fitzsimmons, promising youngsters in Hugh Casey and some others, but no Mathewson, no Ruffing, no Derringer or Walters, no iron man with a fast high one and a sweeping curve who can get in there and pitch forty or fifty games a year. No club has ever been really great without such a man.

Higbe was the best gamble in sight—so Larry took him. The Brooklyn club will get back the \$100,000 in increased attendance because of the furor the purchase has caused; and if the big fellow doesn't come through, MacPhail will use the money all over again to buy the next siege gun to come on the market.

Granting that Medwick and Higbe come through, Mickey Owen should fill the last rathole. Babe Phelps is a good mechanical catcher, and he can hit with the best of them, but the fact that Babe is sometimes also called Blimp gives you an idea of him otherwise. Mickey Owen can't hit the way Babe can—at least, he hasn't so far—but he is about the smartest, spryest, throwngest, talkngest, peppiest young man who has come up to the big leagues since Lippy Leo Durocher was a boy.

Which brings us to the smartest of the many smart things which Larry MacPhail has done—appointing Leo Durocher manager and keeping him manager in spite of inevitable clashes of temperaments between them.

THE END

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 12 SECONDS

While bound for the French Armée de l'Air in the early part of 1940, Gene Tobin and Andy Mamedoff, two flyers seeking dangerous adventure, join up with a third of the kind, Vernon Keough, otherwise "Shorty."

From Halifax, they sail for France, but when they arrive in Paris, the Germans are in the midst of their June drive of destruction. But the three pilot-volunteers are accepted by the French Air Ministry. They manage to get to Tours. Nothing else, for all they hear from officialdom is, "Any day now you are going to fly."

Tired of promises and procrastination, they are persuaded by a couple of disgruntled Czechs to seize planes without any by-your-leave and head for England. Plans miscarry, the Czechs are shot by guards, and Gene, Andy, and Shorty are forced to take an overloaded boat for Plymouth, where they are thankful to land without fatalities.

Using every possible means, the three of them get into the R. A. F., having extraordinary luck in doing so. Immediately put through their paces, they become "Rear End Charlies," a position in which flyers protect the tails of the fighting planes ahead of them. After one maneuver Tobin gets lost, but with the aid of a farmer's pretty daughter and a phone "finds" himself again. Then the terrible threat of the Nazi September blitzkrieg on England reaches the ears of the three R. A. F. volunteers.

PART THREE—SPLIT SECONDS: A CLOSE-UP OF BATTLE

MANY people wonder how a fighter pilot feels in the air. Well, to try and give you an idea, here's an actual combat day:

You get up an hour before dawn, have tea, and then go out to the dispersal station on the field. Each pilot checks his own airplane. When he's satisfied that everything is in perfect order, he wanders over to the dispersal hut to lounge around and wait. He can catch up on his sleep on one of the cots. But he's got to do it fully dressed, even including life-saving jacket, so when a call comes through, no time is lost getting out to the aircraft.

During the stand-by periods the boys read, play cards, or just sit around cracking jokes. Every one is fairly tense, but you would never know it. The number of cigarettes smoked is the only giveaway.

Then it happens.

The phone rings and the operator says calmly, "Squadron scramble for so-and-so feet, such-and-such area."

From now on everything changes. No longer are you just an easygoing human being. You become an automaton and a fast-moving one at that.

Each pilot runs out to his ship, and when I say run I'm not kidding. You have a crew of four ready to get things moving—armorer, fitter, rigger, and mechanic. Sometimes the motor is already started, sometimes not.

You jump into your parachute, tell the crew to get out of the way. "I'll start it!" you shout, and then you do a little cussing just to make it more emphatic. You put on your oxygen mask, fasten yourself in



THE AUTHOR



(Above) A dogfight over London.

(Below) Insignia of Eagle Squadron.



YANKEE

BY PILOT OFFICER GENE TOBIN
EAGLE SQUADRON, R.A.F., AS TOLD TO
ROBERT LOW



EAGLE

OVER LONDON



Thrills!—An American's vivid story of flying and fighting in England's sky

with the Sutton harness, turn on your radio, test your fuel gauges at the last moment, though you know that's been done twice.

Then you get the big Spitfire going. She coughs, catches, and is forced into action long before she's ready. Down the runway you go. The squadron takes off. You keep your eyes glued on your section leader. You never take off looking ahead. The leader takes off and you follow him.

Up comes your landing gear, slam goes your hatch. You are in formation, trying to fly tight. By this time your leader will usually be calling for "line astern," and each plane flies behind and a little below the other to keep out of the propeller wash.

Now the radio starts working. Your squadron's code name today is "Sorbo."

"Hullo, Sorbo leader! Hullo, Sorbo leader!"

That's Operations, and immediately your leader answers:

"Receiving you loud and clear. Have you any information?"

Back comes Operations:

"Hullo, Sorbo leader. Scramble at twenty thousand feet over such and such. Many, many bandits."

They are usually right about the "bandits," so away you go. Most people think you're scared at this point. But you're not. You can't be scared because you haven't got time; there's too much to do. You have to fly the plane, keep it in trim, watch your section leader, check your instruments, and switch on your gun sight. You adjust the sight for a certain span which you are most likely to hit. Each pilot has his own pet adjustment, so you make yours. Then you take the safety trip off your gun button.

If you could see yourself at the moment you'd probably find your eyes are open much wider than usual and the cords in your neck are standing out like piano wires. This denotes extreme tenseness, but underneath you are completely relaxed. You have to be, because you are flying in formation at 300 miles per hour and your hand must be steady so you can maintain constant position. One sudden maneuver would break up the whole formation.

During this time a million things are flashing through your mind. Is the manifold pressure too high? Will the guns work? Is the motor getting hot? Is the oil pressure dropping? All or any of these things go wrong once you've started fighting and, brother, the kiss of death is yours.

The cockpit is small and pretty soon you notice you're getting hot. You wonder why, and then realize your helmet is too tight. Above 15,000 feet your body expands in the thin air. You curse yourself for not having fixed your helmet on the ground. But you're getting a headache. Something has to be done. You take your hand off the stick to re-adjust the helmet, and this moves

you slightly out of formation. The whole squadron breaks away and they all stare at you. You re-form feeling like a dope.

The next thing you know your hands are sweaty—it happened a little way back but you didn't notice it till now. Then you feel that the rudder pedals are out of adjustment. But it's too late to fix them now; you should have done it on the ground. Nevertheless it is quite uncomfortable and you don't like it.

Soon the radio starts crackling again:

"Hullo, Sorbo leader! Hullo, Sorbo leader! Are you receiving me?"

Each Operations room has a code name. Today yours is "Bandy." The leader calls back:

"Hullo, Bandy. Receiving you loud and clear. Nothing yet. Have you any further information?"

"Hullo, Sorbo leader. Vector on compass course two-three-zero."

"Vector" is the R. A. F. word for steer and, knowing your present position, "two-three-zero" means you're going out over the Channel. You set the compass in case you get lost. There's always a chance when flying through clouds that you'll get detached from the squadron. And a lone pilot of either side in a mass air raid usually winds up behind the aerial eight-ball.

By now you're at 18,000 feet. All this has happened in just a few minutes. You feel a little light-headed from the altitude because you've come up very quickly. The Spitfire can really climb when she tries.

Once leveled off, you're flying by throttle, opening and closing it to keep in correct formation position. But you take your hand off just for a second, reach out to the dashboard and turn on more oxygen. "That's better," you say to yourself as you take a couple of deep breaths. Then comes the order you've been waiting for.

THE section leader calls to you over the radio, "O. K., Charlie, weave!"

His instinct is invariably right. When he says "weave" you can usually count on trouble. The rest of the boys are flying straight ahead while you swing from one side to the other, looking back out of the corner of your eyes. You're protecting their tails all right, but "Charlie" has nobody protecting his tail but himself. Sometimes he does, and then—sometimes he doesn't.

Then it happens. Somebody shouts out:

"Many, many bandits at three o'clock."

We use the clock system to spot planes in the air. You figure yourself in the center of an imaginary dial. Three o'clock means directly on your right—a simple system and very practical.

And there they are. Usually between fifty to a hundred of them. But that doesn't worry you. You

never worry about the guy you can see—it's the guy you can't see that gets you.

Then somebody hollers over the radio:

"Many, many bandits at eleven o'clock and five thousand feet above."

It is a clear day, very few clouds and bright sun. And they are always in the sun. You look up. The sun is blinding, but somehow you've got to spot them. Yes, there they are, plenty of them; now you can make them out clearly.

WHAT are they? you wonder. Then you decide they're 109s. Now you have put two and two together. If they are 109s, there are bombers about and these fighters are protecting them. So you look for the bombers.

Then you hear:

"Many, many bandits at six o'clock and five thousand above."

This comes like a jolt from a high-tension wire. You are supposed to be protecting the tail and yet you never saw them. It makes you think a bit. If they had come down you'd have been the late "Rear End Charlie." You weave frantically and you see them about a mile back, so you are still safe for a few seconds.

Operations comes on the radio, asking if you can still hear them. And good old Frank, the section leader, answers as calmly as though he were out for a Sunday picnic that he can hear fine. So Operations replies:

"Hullo, Sorbo leader. There are many, many bandits in your vicinity."

But that's not exactly news to us, and Frank replies:

"Hullo, Bandy, your message received and understood—but we knew this three minutes ago."

Bandy gets the idea and doesn't bother with the call sign, just gives us a quick "O. K." Then what Charlie is waiting for happens. Frank calls you up and says, "O. K., Charlie. Come on in."

That means you are to stop weaving and rejoin the original formation of line astern. You are about to attack.

And this is where the battle of brains begins, right now. The thing the British pursuit plane is supposed to shoot down is the German bomber. They are below you and the German fighters are above. Now what the Germans hope to do is wait until the British attack the bombers and then drop down like a ton of bricks. But you skirt around above the bombers until ready to attack. If you come in too close the German bombers will get in a few quick cannon shots, so for the moment you keep out of range.

Meanwhile there's another squadron of British fighters underneath the bombers. Everybody sees everybody else by now. But the Germans won't fight until the British attack. Sometimes they'll send one lone

fighter shooting down past you as bait, hoping your squadron will go down after him. When this happens you stay where you are and holler out over the radio to the Hurricanes flying below, "Get the wise guy coming down."

In due course Göring's little hero meets his end.

So you don't go up to the German fighters because you're after the bombers below, and the Germans won't come down till you go in. And when you do attack, the idea is to get it over with in a hurry. For you can be very sure that the minute you do go in there will be at least two guys on your tail, once they're positive you're engaged in attacking the bomber.

If they get too close—well, you know what happens.

So that's the job, and slowly you sort of mooch over toward the bombers, getting closer and closer and trying to pretend you're just as far away as ever.

Then all of a sudden you go in. Frank peels off, number two man peels off, and our boy Charlie is right behind. You have to stay with your formation. If you get left behind they'll send your gold cuff links home to the family with a polite note.

You don't notice where your leader or number two man have gone. You don't see anything except a bomber and you're sure he sees you and you want to get him first.

This time it happens to be a Messerschmitt Jaguar. The German pilot knows the qualities of a Spitfire and immediately goes into a tight climbing turn, the only maneuver by which he can possibly shake off a Spitfire. And he never will succeed if the Spitfire has a good pilot.

"Get the rear gunner," you say to yourself, because he's shooting at you. It's not so terribly important, as his shots are going wide. But you never know—he might suddenly turn accurate.

YOU go screaming in and fire your guns before you should. The tracer shows you're going wide. You stop firing. Pull your nose up! Pull your nose up! Get him in front.

But in bringing your kite up, you nearly black yourself out. You cuss yourself for being so ham-handed. Give him a burst and get the hell out of the way. There may be a guy coming down on your tail—in fact, you're sure of it.

You catch him right smack in the middle of your sights and give him a complete burst. The Brownings go to work, and, brother, when they are working they're not kidding! Eight guns, 1,400 rounds per minute. Figure it out for yourself. If you hit him he has got to go down. You're throwing all kinds of stuff at him—tracer, incendiary, ball, explosive, and armor-piercing bullets. One way or another it will get him.

By this time you're traveling

much too fast; you'll overshoot the target. So you close your throttle and start fanning the rudder back and forth, trying to slow the kite down and get in one last burst. You've got him.

The fuselage around the pilot's seat has been eaten away. What you're hoping for happens. The Messerschmitt goes out of control, lurches violently, falls off to the right. And that is the last you ever see of him.

And then you realize there are holes galore in one of your wings. You say to yourself, "Where did they come from?" You never thought that rear gunner was hitting you. But maybe he wasn't. Maybe there was a guy on your tail. Supposing those bullets had been three feet closer, where would you have been?

You're lost now. You've made your attack, but the air is full of screaming and diving planes and you can't find your section. You see a Messerschmitt 110 going down in flames. Something falls out and a few seconds later a parachute opens. But you can only look for a second; you must keep moving. A moving target is hard to hit, and a Spitfire makes a small moving target.

Then, just as quickly as the battle started, it stops again. One moment there are hundreds of planes in the sky and the next moment there aren't any. Where did they go, you wonder.

All of a sudden you're the only one left way up there—and you feel lonesome.

Well, it's up to you to get yourself home, and this battle ended 100 miles from your base. Your compass has gone completely screwy as a result of the wild gyrations of the plane. Now you have to assume a different role and turn navigator. You reach down into your flying boot and pull out a map of the area you think you're in. There are two maps in each boot.

CIRCLING around, trying to locate your position, you check the gas situation—only twenty gallons! Better look for an airport and land. To hell with getting home. So you go searching for an R. A. F. field, and luckily there are plenty of them in England.

You land and find out where you are. Refuel, rearm—and, above all, a smoke. For some reason you've never felt so tired in all your life, yet there's been very little physical exertion. It's practically all been mental, but maybe it's worse that way. Anyway you gab with the boys of the field where you landed and hop off for home.

And waiting for you and worrying are the lads who make these fights possible, the ground crews. As I said before, each pilot has four in his crew. Their job is just as important as yours. The failure of one of them to do his work properly might write you a one-way ticket.

But I have never known that to happen.

Each ground crew feels it's fighting right along with you. When you come in to land, there's great concern. The four of them stand out on the field looking skyward for their particular pilot.

And when he doesn't come back, they are mighty sad. "Mr. Brown was sure a fine chap, sir, and we sure are going to miss him," they'll tell you.

When you come in to land you circle the field once to find the wind direction, just as you do in peacetime. It is the only thing that is about the same.

The armorer is all ready to re-

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 22

1—P. T. Barnum, whose famous circus was so described in advertisements.

2—In Florida. Germs are practically nonexistent in Antarctica. They can't live in such a climate.

3—Mount Everest, Himalayan peak in Asia, which is 29,141 feet high.

4—None. The lead in lead pencils is not lead, but graphite mixed with clay.

5—A constitutional amendment, as the Constitution specifically limits the size of the national capital to ten miles square.

6—The name dandelion comes from a French phrase meaning "lion's tooth"—and refers to the jagged toothlike pattern of the leaves of the weed.

7—No. Perjury is deliberate, not unintentional, misstatement of facts.

8—The two frigid zones, the two temperate zones, and the torrid zone.

9—George Washington. Bad travel conditions made congressmen late for the first inauguration. It was set for March 4, 1789, but was not held until April 30. Washington's first term, therefore, was only 3 years, 10 months, and 4 days long—from April 30, 1789, to March 4, 1793.

10—The fox terrier was formerly used in fox hunting, for following the fox into its burrow.

11—Certain American Indian chiefs ceremonially buried their tomahawks when a peace was signed—from which the phrase is said to have come.

12—The birth rate went up more than 100,000—to 2,350,000 newborn babies—the highest number since 1930.

13—Newfoundland is the oldest colony—and the flag of the United States recently flew there, over the new defense-base site.

14—In a game of tennis.

15—If the beggar told the truth, the man should have had only four coins left. But more than four were found—there being no way to have twenty-three cents in less than five coins. Police later learned the beggar had killed the man in a hold-up, left the twenty-three cents to set up an alibi, but was trapped by his error of arithmetic.

16—The Government Printing Office in Washington, D. C., has the largest printing plant in the nation, and is regarded as the greatest of American publishers.

17—The Commandments were received on Mount Sinai.

18—This period is known as the One Hundred Days—when Napoleon, after his return from Elba, tried to win back his power.

19—Yes. If the cloud is high and the air warm, the raindrops may evaporate before reaching the earth.

20—Only two—Alaska and Hawaii.

load. One of them comes running up, jumps on the wing, and asks, "Are you all right, sir?"

Sometimes the boys who have been shot do come back and land—but you never can tell by looking at their faces.

"Yes, I'm all right," you say, "but you'd better load 'em up fast. I've got a feeling Jerry will be coming back soon."

"Yes, sir!" Over comes the gasoline bowser and they start pouring in 100-octane firewater, the highest-test aviation spirit in the world.

There's one thing about the R. A. F.: nothing but the best when you're flying and fighting. And that means a lot.

Off comes a little piece of cowling, the mechanic is checking the oil. The armorer is already pulling out the gun belts and shouts to you that you've fired 2,000 rounds. A lot more than you thought, but that's how quick it happens. You just touch the button and the Brownings eat them up.

Then the fitter and rigger walk around the aircraft discovering bullet holes, trying to find other damage. They don't want their pilot flying a plane with holes in it.

"They may have hit something vital. Afraid you'll have to take one of the spare machines today if you go up again."

In a little over an hour you've used up eighty gallons of gasoline, the mechanic reports, after deducting the amount you received at the other airdrome. The big Spitfire has really been answering your commands and that takes plenty of firewater.

All this takes just a few minutes.

THE ship has been checked and the ground crew taxi it to the hangar for repairs, wheel another Spitfire out onto the field in its place, so you check your new ship over.

Then you go over to the dispersal hut. Every one is back safely and the German losses to our boys are three confirmed shot down and two probables. You make out your combat report, hand it to the Intelligence officer and realize you're dog-tired.

Well, it's almost lunchtime, and how you look forward to a meal and an hour's relaxation in the mess! But the "heat is on" and you probably won't get over to the mess today. Lunch is going to be sent over and served on the field.

But just as it arrives and you're smelling the aroma of that roast beef, it happens again. Yeah, scramble, dammit, and off you go.

Day in and day out. Sometimes you fly five hours a day and never fire your guns. The next time you fly forty-five minutes and return with everything empty—gas, guns, oil.

As darkness begins to fall, the night-fighter boys take over and you hop on a truck and ride to the officers' mess. How glad you are that it's over for another day, and that for the next twelve hours in winter, or seven in summer, the time is your own to spend as you please! But it goes fast.

And then you're out again in the dawn checking the kite.

Swift scraps, miraculous escapes are to come in another day, and their first big battle looms on the horizon for the three boys. What will happen to them? Will they be up to the fiery test? Get next week's Liberty for new turns in the deadliest game in the world.

This MAN'S ARMY



CONDUCTED

BY

OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FOLLOWING the appearance of the letter in March 1 Liberty signed "Father" and complaining of conditions as reported by his son at Chanute Field, Rantoul, Illinois, scores of letters have been received from men at that post. Consensus of opinion is that son exaggerated a lot. Most agree that they're not getting enough for their entertainment deduction (two bits per month, not a dollar, as son stated.) An official reply came from Lieutenant Colonel Black, Public Relations Officer at Chanute Field, and as much of his letter is printed as the space will stand. Thank you, Colonel.

"For the purposes of keeping the records straight. We have on sale in the canteen razor blades as low as 1½ cents each and soap as low as two cakes for 5 cents. Probably the overcoat did not fit perfectly, it being according to regulations that a man will be furnished the nearest size possible; undoubtedly the young man desired a collegiate fit and had the post tailor cut it down to his ideas, for which the tailor legally and justly charged him. From time immemorial, payday in the army has been the last day of the month, and all of the men at this post were advised weeks ahead that Christmas furlough would be granted, so why didn't he save his money in preparation for the trip? With the possible exception of laundry charges (which condition will be remedied in the near future by the erection of a large government-owned laundry) prices at Chanute Field are not out of line. Incidentally, beer sells at only 5 cents per glass or 10 cents a bottle."

I have a brother stationed at Fort Shafter in Hawaii who is due for a furlough in August. He is only a private, first class, and I doubt that he has any money saved. I think he gets transportation between Hawaii and San Francisco, but what about

the rest of the trip? Will he have to hitchhike, or what can he do?

B. B., Grand Rapids, Mich.

If your brother isn't a good craps shooter he'd better begin to use the old sock. Seriously, men on furlough must pay their own transportation within the country. All Regulars know it and arrange their finances accordingly. Understand a bill will be offered in this Congress to provide a cent-a-mile rate on the railroads for men on leave.

I had been in the New York National Guard for five and a half years in September, 1940, at which time I was inducted into federal service and sent to this post. In April of this year my six years' service is up. When I am discharged, will I be subject to the draft?

Corporal, Fort Hancock, N. J.

You were in service the day of registration and obviously didn't register then. If you had completed a three-year instead of a six-year enlistment, you would have to complete your training year. But training is regarded as finished after six years' consecutive service in the Guard. You must register with your local draft board within five days of your discharge, and be classified as III-A (training completed).

You know there is a limit to the distance a soldier may travel on a three-day pass. Why should we here be restricted to a radius of fifty miles? Some of us can't go home, even with plenty of time to make it. Other posts have limits up to three hundred miles.

R. J. P., Olmsted Field, Middletown, Pa.

I can't tell you why different posts have different limits, but it's up to the discretion of each post commander to fix them for his post and yours must have some good reason for the local rule. . . . I'll bet on it.

Before I joined up they told me I would get medical care free if I needed it. Now I have a sinus attack, and the surgeon X-rayed me and told me I ought to have shots in the arm but he didn't have the serum. So I will have to buy it on the outside and pay \$2.75 for five shots. And I had to go home to a specialist once because I was suffering so, and that cost me \$5.75. Every one knows that a soldier don't make enough to stand expenses like that; but I'm not squawking about the amount—it's the principle of the thing. Am I right?

Private, Chanute Field, Illinois.

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

Well, you can't expect the army to have everything in stock, can you? And how much do you think the X-rays would have cost you at home? They were free, weren't they?

I have read your page religiously since it started. Now I think it's time another part of This Man's Army was heard from: the sweethearts. After all, we play a big part in keeping up the morale of our boy friends in service. I'm in love with a sergeant at Savannah and I know that my letters help to overcome some of the difficulties all soldiers complain of. So give us girls credit. Don't you think you should, Sarge?

A. L. R., Birmingham, Ala.

How the boys will kid me for printing this one! But O. K., sister, I guess you're talking for a lot of other gals too, judging from the number of similar letters I've had. Let this one serve for the lot . . . and for a long time, or they'll be calling me Dorothy Dix.



"I'm in love with a sergeant at Savannah."

Old Sarge is indebted to Ol' Sojer of the Egyptian Legionnaire (Herrin, Illinois) for the following "do's and don'ts" which he heartily endorses from his own experience:

Don't dodge medical attention when you need it.

Don't be afraid to talk things over with your chaplain.

Don't be a gold-bricker who works twice as hard dodging duty.

Learn to take it even if you don't like it. Lay off the camp followers—both male and female.

Write the folks—often.

We're not preaching, big boy; we're talking sense.



Actual color photograph James R. Callis inspects a leaf of fine Golden Leaf tobacco.

"Lady—

**money talks in buying
lighter, milder leaf!**

**"And Luckies pay more to get that lighter leaf!" says
James R. Callis, warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C.**

IT'S like this: year in and year out, I see Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, milder tobaccos. So I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment, same as most other independent warehousemen, buyers and auctioneers!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. Luckies pay the price to get the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**





*America's Most
Distinguished
Beer*

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT BEER?



The subtle aroma that has made beer the favorite drink of millions of people comes largely from hops. The tiny yellow pollen of the hops flowers gives beer its pleasing tang, its distinctively different bouquet.



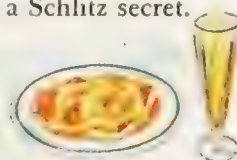
Hops are like all other flowers. Some are better than others. And it takes years and years of experience to be able to tell which hops will yield the finest flavor. The experience of the men who select and buy hops for Schlitz ranges up to 50 years. They are as familiar with the hop crops of the world as you are with the grocery stores in your neighborhood. Naturally, they buy only the choicest hops that the world affords.



Schlitz gathers its hops at their fresh-best and

rushes them into huge, specially-built, scientifically controlled warehouses where their tender bouquet is zealously guarded until they are ready to go into the beer.

But even with these finest of hops, a touch of genius is still required to produce the perfect flavor. Too many hops means a harsh, bitter taste; too few, a flat, uninspired flavor. The brewmasters at Schlitz (aged artisans all) call their magnificent result the "mellow median." How it is achieved is a Schlitz secret.



You're in for a grand experience when you have a bottle of this *even finer* Schlitz. Its famous flavor has won world-wide patronage from millions who love fine beer. Yes, if you really want to find out how gloriously good beer can be... *you owe yourself a bottle of Schlitz.* Have one today.



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READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

HOW dare any one be indifferent to National Defense in the world of today! As I have read and heard the protests and criticisms coming from those who complain at the money cost and manly sacrifice of this great emergency, I wonder how thinking, sensible people who believe

false gods and practicing vile immoralities.

I served with the A. E. F. in France, and I found that all who served there came away with a hatred of war and a firm conviction that it was wasteful, cruel, and inhuman. If we were preparing without just cause to go to war, every last one of us would certainly be a conscientious

Our government can always find plenty of tasks for those who answer the call, even though they conscientiously object to the killing of their fellow men in battle.

There is another call that at this hour must go forth to every worker in our land—the call of loyal service, not in training but by the manifesting of a spirit that will keep out

TO CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

ON ARMY DAY

BY MAUD
BALLINGTON

BOOTH Founder of the Volunteers of America

in practicing personal preparedness against the eventualities of daily life can quibble about National Defense.

Airplanes, battleships, guns, mechanized forces—all these things are essential. Yet there is something greater, more necessary even than these, and that is trained, strong, patriotic man power! We must look to the manhood of America—trained and hardened, clear of eye and steady of hand—as our chief defense against the enemy.

Surely we mothers (for I am one, too) have raised sons in whose hearts the love of country and home and liberty is strong enough to make them gladly pay the cost of protecting all that makes life worth living. And there are many who feel, as I do, that the draft will prove beneficial to our young men, even if they are never required to fight. I think it is conceded that young men of today have had little of the experience that made the pioneers of America such a stalwart, hearty race.

In the minds of some there are conscientious questions which make them even opposed to training for war. I do not think that they should look upon the training of our men as a training *to kill*, but rather as a training *to protect*. I am an ordained minister of the Gospel, my husband was a minister, my father and father's father were ministers, and so were their forefathers for many generations back. But the religious question has never arisen in my mind as a conscientious objection to defensive warfare. As we go through our Bible we find that the same God and Father Who wrote the Ten Commandments with the precept, "Thou shalt not kill," was the God Who drowned the Egyptians in the Red Sea; the God Who destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah with fire; the God Who commanded His servants to fight against certain tribes that were worshipping



A famous religious leader who knows and hates war speaks challengingly of defense

objector. A war of defense that guards the home, the country, and our liberty is quite another question.

This present war of aggression and cruelty may come to our shores, may threaten our liberty. No Christian, no Jew can be neutral in heart toward a foe that defiles the churches, cathedrals, and synagogues! That scraps the Bible for a man-made book on aggressive war; that teaches little children to forget God and to call a Godless dictator their "savior"!

America has been the haven for the persecuted, such as the Quakers. The most faithful conscientious objectors to war are undoubtedly the Society of Friends. All honor to them, for they never shrank in the last war from doing splendid service, although they did not carry arms.

disloyalty! Let us fight propaganda! Let us war against those who would set up false gods such as Nazism and Fascism! Let us break the weapons of sabotage, banish speedily from our shores those who spread the poison of foreign propaganda in minds too ignorant to sense its deadliness.

Already strikes have affected American production and have proved gravely dangerous to American defense. Strikers at such an hour must be made to feel that they stand accused as selfish enemies of our national safety.

Our men are not yet in the air or on the march or sailing the seas. War and death and destruction can still be kept at bay by proclaiming to the world that *we are prepared*.

THE END

Tyacinths for her *Soul*

BY JACK BYRNE

Lights and shadows, reality and Romance—An
eloquent, searching story of life and a woman

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SOMETIMES it was hard to tell what was dreams and what wasn't.

Even Da Silva's rooster tuning up and Eli Lombard's crazy dogs grumbling across the salt bogs didn't prove for sure it was another day. Dreams could have sounds—

Mrs. Avelard shook her head—

what foolishness!—as she came down the stairs. She felt along the dim wall, stepping carefully. Still a little while, until the sleep winked out of her eyes, her own house would be a place of unfamiliar shadows with herself scarcely more than one of them.

Manuel had the fire going, and the way he rattled the stove lids was

warning of his grumpiness. What now? Mrs. Avelard went to the bench where Rosie slept and touched the warm shoulder of her youngest. Rosie stirred and made puppy noises, and then, like a good little thing, she wiggled from the covers and went dream-walking up to the bed she was born in.

"You di'n't lit no lamp, Manuel?"



"Pa never cares what's
fun for us. I'll tell
'im if you're scared to."

said Mrs. Avelard, folding Rosie's bedding.

"No oil," he said. "Haanh!"

So! Mrs. Avelard got the big lamp from the parlor and lighted it. When Manuel came back from the barn with his load of wood, dumping it into the box with deliberate clatter, she had her first breakfast almost ready for the table. While Manuel was eating she fixed his dinner pail.

"W'at time Matt'ew come 'ome?" he asked, frowning at the clock beside the radio.

Up in bed last night, hearing Matthew's giggle outside and the bump of the ladder on the windowsill, she had held her breath for fear that Manuel would wake. She rolled her eyes expressively now, slanted her head, and let her eyelids droop. "I wouldn't know if the 'ouse falls down," she said.

"No oil," said Manuel. "No wood. Run an' jump an' play all times, sleep all day. I work, you work, w'at dey do, haanh? No-good lazybones!"

He glowered at the ceiling. In the upper rooms their family slept—Matthew and Joe, Anna and Theresa and Marie and little Rose. The summer boarders in the other half of the sprawling house would not rouse up until eight o'clock or later.

"Two times, t'ree times," he said. "I tell Joe keep dat wood box full. He don't saw wood today, dat boy—"

He bumped a brown fist on the table, and Mrs. Avelard moved her

head slowly from side to side, lips pursed, her favorite expression.

"T'ings too easy for dem," he said. "W'en I was boy I do my work. Before my fadder put out for sea he call us boys, us girls, inside de parlor—"

Mrs. Avelard nodded, shrugging. She had been a whaler's daughter. Her own father had done the same, a whisker-faced man dealing out a whipping to every young one in the house as punishment in advance. A whack for skimping your chores, a whack for sassing mama, a whack and a whack and another whack, hard-handed promise of the punishments their sins would pay when he returned to port again.

"Odder days today, Manuel," she said. "Now lamps is kerosene. I got my radio, you ride for work in Corey's truck. It ain't w'at used to be."

He pushed back his chair, muttering, and took his hat and coat from the rack. Dawn was graying the windows. She said, "Good-by, Manuel," but the clank of his dinner pail on the bench outside was notice he wasn't leaving yet. Pretty soon he squeaked the screen door with his toe.

"Good day today," he said, tilting his head toward the bright edge of sky where Plymouth hid across the bay. He put his buckets of coal beside the stove. "Bean day," he said, smiling, and Mrs. Avelard gave a gay little flirt, laughing softly.

Thirty-two years, good and bad, Manuel had his beans every Friday. She stood in the door and watched him cut across the misty plumbed fields toward the distant main road and his work truck.

Manuel Avelard at fifty-six was still the best hand on the section gang he bossed. From Buzzards Bay to Pown, from the ship canal to Lands End light, there wasn't a steadier man, a better husband, along the stretch of the Cape.

HER beans were in the oven when Anna came down. Anna was the prettiest. Orange juice and dry toast and coffee black as ink for her breakfast.

"No milk, no sweet'nin'" Mrs. Avelard grimaced; "I dunno how can you drink it, Anna."

"I should be as fat as you, ma? It's what Mrs. Rogers eats. It's time to watch my shape, she says."

"Miz Rogers got one baby," said her mother. "Her age, I 'ad seven." She settled into the rocker beside the radio. "W'at's wrong wit' you today, Anna?"

Anna liked her job with these new summer people. She had bought herself men's pants, like Mrs. Rogers, and smoked cigarettes with the boarders on the porch. She was learning a new way of talking, too, but she still sucked her lip when she had some worry.

"It's the Rogerses, ma. They want me in New York this winter. They'll

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pay me sixty dollars if I'll work year round."

Mrs. Avelard looked at her with soft round eyes. "Leave 'ome?" she said. "You couldn't mean it, Anna!"

"I'm twenty-six," said the girl, "and where I been? No place. What fun I ever had? Nobody's here in wintertimes, nothin' to do—what good am I?"

"I t'ought you an' Ant'ony—"

"Him? Who's he? Except to haul nets and play banjos, what's Ant'ony good for? What would a girl have, married with him? No house, no car, no money saved by—hunh!"

Her mother pushed out her lips and arched her brows, looking sadly wise. "Fifteen years old, I was married. I 'ad my bed, your pa 'ad 'is job, w'at else? I never been sorry, Anna."

For an instant her soft pleading opposed the blankness of Anna's stare, then she lowered her gaze. There was an emptiness, dark between them, that neither one could reach hands across.

Noises sounded above. A clatter came down the stairs, and Mrs. Avelard heard it with relief. Such talk always frightened her.

"Huh," she said. "Look who's up! W'ere you t'ink you're goin', Mr. Big Joe?"

"Me?" said the boy. "Fishhouse. I got work today."

Joe was at the shy age, the moon-struck age. He was a quiet boy, a nice boy, and he would be a good steady man like his father. He was paying down on a car in Wellfleet and three dollars' pay from the fish-storage plant would help. Mrs. Avelard glanced at the wood box.

"Go pull Matt'ew from bed," she said. "I'll fix a little to eat." She busied herself at the stove.

"I told Mrs. Rogers," said Anna, "I'd let her know next week."

Mrs. Avelard shook her head slowly. Her thoughts were dull, like the unwelcome shadows of the dawn in her kitchen. This Crawford stove had come into the house before Anna. The winter-born ones were delivered in this room. All these years together, one family, the eight of them living and the three in their graves on Palmet Hill.

"I dunno, Anna," she said, breathing slow. "Goin' wit' strangers, all alone like you'd be—I dunno w'at pa'll say."

"I don't care. Pa never cares what's fun for us. I'll tell 'im if you're scared to."

Mrs. Avelard set new places at the table. She returned the lamp to the parlor. "Don' make faces, Anna," she said. "I'll mention to pa. Tomorrow we'll see."

ANNA left at six o'clock for her walk to the village. Joe asked to borrow thirty cents in case he couldn't hitch a ride.

"I'm made of money," said Mrs. Avelard, counting out coins. She rumbled Joe's hair. affectionately.



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"We need a car around this place," said Joe. "I could run Anna down to the square, or take you for a swim, ma, or lots of things."

"If you was ever 'ome," she said. "Seventeen ain't old enough for cars, pa says. You'll run out night-times, always in trouble, like Matt'ew. Mr. Big Joe runnin' after girls," she scoffed. "W'en your fadder say he wants 'is wood cut?"

"I can do it tomorrow."

"Huh! You ain't gonna play no ball games?"

"Well, day after—"

"Sunday!" she exclaimed. "Fine t'ing! Next you'll stop goin' to church, like Matt'ew."

She lifted her voice with this remark, for her eldest was coming into the kitchen. Matthew pretended he hadn't heard. He slouched into his chair, hangdog, hiding his red-specked eyes. Matthew had his father's dark features and the same habit of silence, but the old-time saying was true—look-alikes ain't do-alikes.

Joe took his package of sandwiches and said good-by, always polite. The sun pushed brightness into the quiet room. Mrs. Avelard put more coal in the stove and washed the early dishes. She glanced at Matthew occasionally as she wrapped his lunch, but he kept his eyes downcast. Poor Matthew! Sometimes, seeing him as the little fellow he used to be, she could understand what was wrong. Other times it seemed that her boy

had left home all those years ago and a stranger moved in to take his bed and table-place.

She pressed her lips together now, trying to stir an' anger. "I'd be shameface' too," she said. "Comin' 'ome wit' ladders like a t'ief! Good t'ing, I suppose, your fadder find you dronk anodder time an' run you from 'is 'ouse?"

Matthew moved lean shoulders, pushing his cup away. She tried common sense: "W'en you gonna get paid, Matt'ew? W'en's John Adlock puttin' out w'at back wages he owes? You know how many weeks' board I'm due? Two mont's an' more, not a penny. I got doctor bills, grocer bills—w'at should I do?"

Matthew muttered sullenly. He glowered up, but the anger in his stare melted quickly, and for an instant their eyes shared the same dumb fear. For an instant he was her little boy again, needing the croon of her voice, the softness of her arms. But the stranger-man pushed back Matthew's chair.

She pleaded with unsteady words: "W'en you're gonna settle down, Matt'ew? Vic Dutra, Ben Snow—w'at good dey're for you? Drinkin' beer, drinkin' w'isky, makin' your fadder's name ashamed—"

Matthew went out the door, running away. She called his name quickly. She took his hat and lunch and followed to the yard, calling softly again. He did not turn. She put his package on the fence post

and hung his hat there, winking the sun-sting away as she stood to watch. He strode up the hill toward Vic Dutra's shack where John Adlock's car would collect his carpenter crew at seven.

Mrs. Avelard's face had a doll's faded prettiness, a doll's blank gravity, and she wagged her head from side to side as she slowly returned to the house. Matthew's things would be gone when she peeked out again—poor Matthew! She paused beside her radio—too early yet—and dusted it absently with her apron before crossing to the stairs.

"T'eresa—M'ree—!"

Three more patient calls and another hour would bring them down to breakfast.

THERESA, who could sing and dance and be the liveliest at a party, still had her mad on. Marie, plain and solemn in her big wise glasses, was the cheerful one this morning.

"You could bake a cake, T'eresa, w'ile the oven's on," her mother said. "M'ree make beds an' fix around."

"But I told T'eresa I'd wash her hair."

"Huh—hair! You ain't got all day?"

"Well, we're goin' to the beach. It's kind of a picnic."

"Hair-washin'!" said Mrs. Avelard. "Who's washin' my hair? W'at picnic? Who's givin' it?"

"I know, ma!" called Rosie, clump-

BETWEEN TAKES THEY TAKE TO

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Edmond O'Brien and Lucille Ball starred in RKO-Radio Pictures' current hit "A Girl, A Guy And A Gob"



FREE: Pepsi-Cola recipe booklet . . . write Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Dept. L.

ing barefoot down the stairs. She stood in the doorway, grinning.

"You shut your mouth," said Theresa. "Pretendin' to sleep an' listenin' all the time! She's a sneakin' little spy—"

"Ain't no picnic," said Rosie. "It's Cookie Francis comin' over. Yaanah—an' I'll tell pa!"

Mrs. Avelard eyed Theresa gravely. "Tell 'im!" Theresa said sharply. "I ain't no baby. If pa's house is too good for my friends he can keep his house."

"She's bringin' Cookie around tonight," said Rosie, "an' if pa puts 'im out she's goin' too. Her an' Cookie can get married, she says—"

"You nasty little—"

Theresa moved angrily, and Rosie scooted.

"T'eresa!" said Mrs. Avelard. She waved her hands, frowning toward the other side of the house. "Ssssssh! W'at kind of talk! Cookie Francis, he's no good. W'at's 'is family—dead beats, gamblers, go to jail. He's got no decent manners, sassin' your pa, talkin' big."

"You're as bad as pa," said Theresa. Her lips tightened. Theresa had the Avelard mulishness. She hadn't said a word to her father since three weeks ago when he chased Cookie Francis off the porch.

Rosie reappeared, a pigtailed imp. "She claims Cookie's ten times as good as Matt'ew. John Adlock don't owe Matt'ew a cent back wages, she says. Matt'ew just told that an' spent the money."

Theresa shrugged when her mother looked at her. Mrs. Avelard wiped her hands on her apron, feeling the sudden lift of her breath. Oh, no! Matthew wouldn't—

THE voices of the two girl boarders came from the yard, and she went quickly to put fresh coffee on, glad for something busy.

"You two fix upstairs," she said. "Rosie, you wipe dishes. I could tend the parlor after."

She was smiling and pleasant when the boarders came in. No need for them to see her worries. They were from Boston, college girls, always taking long walks or reading books out loud. They were no bother.

"What time's it, ma?" inquired Rosie.

Mrs. Avelard peered at the clock. "My goodness!" she exclaimed. "I dunno w'at I'm t'inkin'." She clicked the switch of the radio.

The rose of contentment grows midst the thorns of danger. Though some of us dwell along placid byways of life, there are others who must follow Fate's beckoning upon foot-paths of turmoil and distress, of stirring conflict and thrilling adventure. One of these latter is warmhearted, lovable, impetuous Judith Dare. To-day the makers of Laundro present her again in another engrossing chapter of This World of Ours. . . .

The smoothly flowing voice, the first of them, filled the empty spaces of the room. Her kitchen hummed

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SPARK PLUGS

and came alive. The words made a kind of music, like the music in your mind long ago when the men hauled the fish nets, calling *yo-ooooh*, or counting the whitecaps that chased across the bay. Safe behind your window, you watched the roll and the roll, rocking your chair to the wind's blow, and that was how this music was. It was a steadiness around you, more than air, like the way you feel when your tears run dry.

Tomato juice and eggs and toast for the Boston girls. The other boarders, the young married couple, came in a little later. They had arrived last week, friends of Mrs. Wenzel who stayed two summers ago.

But I hardly know you, captain. To speak of love between us, of marriage—my dear man, it's fantastic!

Hush, child. Listen. . . . They are creeping closer through the cogon grass. Those blowguns—silent, deadly. . . . I do not expect an immediate answer, Judith. We are but chance-met acquaintances, yes, blown together by the imponderable winds of circumstance. Yet I have felt, through these hazards we have shared, the manifestation of an inexorable fate—

"Wow!" said the husband, Mr. Mitchell. "Is that the best you've got on that gadget? Can't you tune a good lively weather report or some entertaining war horrors?"

"Oh, sure," said Mrs. Avelard quickly. "Turn 'somet'in' else, Rosie."

"Will not," said Rosie, the bold one. She looked straight at Mr. Mitchell. "It's one of ma's fav'rites."

"I'm sorry—" Mr. Mitchell smiled at the others. "I didn't mean—"

Mrs. Avelard was embarrassed. "Rosie's foolin'," she said. "I don't mind w'at I listen to. It's company, is all. Go on, Rosie, turn anodder."

"No, no," said Mr. Mitchell. "Don't mind me."

Who is this Captain Bascomb who has offered Judith his heart—and name? What inscrutable mystery obscures his past, and what is his real mission in these primitive wilds? Will the tom-tom message from the high priest, that unexpected communication, tell us more of this strange, secretive man? Tune in again . . .

The Mitchells lingered through Miss Mary Ann, the Newspaper Girl, taking their cigarettes outside just as Jane Brown's Family started. Mrs. Avelard tuned the voices up a little. What nice company the voices could be! It wasn't so much what they said or what happened as long as they were there. It was liveliness in the house. When things were always going on—excitement, surprise, troubles—it was like when all the family stayed with you at home. The time passed and you didn't notice. You had different things to think about instead of the worries you took to bed—chop wood and bills and Matthew.

After Jane Brown came Happiness

House and then Dr. Young's Profession. Rosie banged the screen door as Dr. Young was talking to the rich woman.

A great advancement has been made in recent years, Mrs. Fowler, in the treatment of cerebrospastic paralysis. The operation is a delicate one, and we still cannot guarantee success in every case. I say to you, however, that your Timmy has a chance. You can hope, as I will hope, that the merry little fellow who used to laugh and frolic so gaily will be returned to you . . .

Rosie got a drink of water and waited until the announcer began. "Wasn't she the woman, ma, that tried to drive the doctor out of town, that Miz Fowler?"

Mrs. Avelard nodded. "An' now the doctor's savin' her little boy?"

Mrs. Avelard moved a warning hand.

The winner of this week's Grand Award, one thousand dollars in cash, is Mrs. J. D. Parthwick of San Mateo, California. Our congratulations, Mrs. Parthwick! The fortunate users of Superba Flour who will receive their latest model refrigerators absolutely free are Mrs. Adam Hyde of Malone, New York. . . .

Mrs. Avelard sat attentively through the roll of names. She hadn't entered the contests lately, but it always was a thrill to hear the winners called. It was pleasant to think how happy they'd feel.

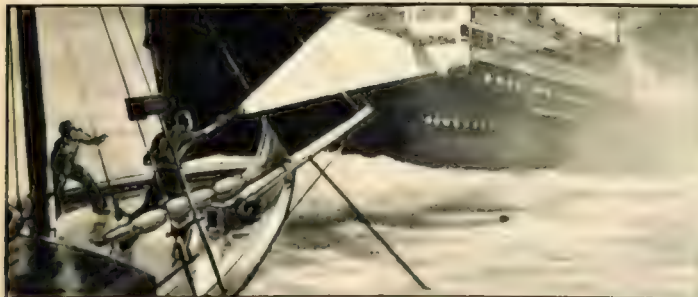
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(Signed) *W. E. Nace.*



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"W'at you doin' 'ome?" she said. "Ain't you playin' wit' Nancy?"

Rosie's eyes were shining with the gossip she knew. Rosie listened when she shouldn't, but she was never mean about telling things. She could keep a secret if she wanted to. To make favorites in the family wasn't fair, but none of the others had been as close to their mother as Rosie was, her little last one.

"Big rumpus down there," she said. "Nancy's mother knocked dishes off the table an' Nancy's father swore an' hit 'er with his fist. I heard Miz Colton holler she'd call the law. She said Nancy's father was nothin' but—"

"Sssssh!" said Mrs. Avelard. "Such talk—don' lissen!"

"He pushed Miz Colton out an' locked the doors. She broke two windows. The breadman's takin' 'er up-along to telephone the State Police."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Avelard. The Coltons had the Hatch house, near the tracks, summer renters, and their little girl was the same third-grade age as Rosie.

"Fightin', trouble, p'lice next door! Don' tell your fadder, Rosie."

"An' Matt'ew ain't gone to work at all," Rosie said. "They all came back to the shack, Vic Dutra an' some more. They're goin' deep-sea clammin' when the tide's out."

"But he went on time. He took 'is t'ings from outside. Dey're drinkin', Rosie?"

"Huh! They're runnin' around an' actin' foolish."

Mrs. Avelard wet her lips. She stared at the radio blankly as the music came forth, setting the scene for One Man's Woman. Trouble—so much trouble.

THE noon meal wasn't much. A little snack was all anybody wanted, a day like today. The Boston girls went hiking to Highland Light, the Mitchells were going to Gull Pond to fish, and Marie and Theresa took their hush-mouth talk to the shade-tree bench in the yard.

"Stack dishes, Rosie," said Mrs. Avelard. "Ain't so many." She let the parlor air and gave it a lick with the oil mop and a cloth. There wasn't time for more than that, for one o'clock was Beth Carter's Career.

Can a woman live two lives? Can frail shoulders endure the double burden of creating a happy home and earning a livelihood as well? Can you be a simple housewife to one man and a brisk, efficient office wife to another? Today Beth Carter faces a decision on which her whole future may depend. Will she sacrifice ambition for the sake of those she loves? Listen.

Mrs. Avelard lowered a window shade and moved her chair to catch the small breeze from the door. She fanned herself halfheartedly, rocked her chair to the gentle rhythm of the music-voices.

A thump of sound at the roadside gate cut through her absorption. She

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leaned forward to peer at the red truck halted there, and her eyes widened briefly. She glanced around the room, folding her hands to keep them quiet. Payne's delivery man came up the path with his grocery bundles.

"Hot enough for you, Miz Avelard?"

She puffed out a breath expressively. Maybe he wouldn't mention for another week. "I got my list someweres," she said. "Now w're'd I put it?"

But she could tell by his face!

"Look, Miz Avelard," he said. "That's what I wanted to talk about. Eben's been goin' over my accounts—see?—and—well, he says we can't carry you no higher."

Fright and shame moved her soft features. "After I traded so many years, Eben Payne won't trust me?"

"It ain't that," he said, "but your bill's too big. It's close to two hundred dollars now. Make it cash, Eben says, until you clear up what you owe."

Her lips parted, framing speechless astonishment. She knew it would happen, afraid to look at her bills all month, but two hundred dollars—!

"How could it get so much?" she pleaded. Her eyes were suddenly tearful, staring up at him.

"Don't blame me, Miz Avelard," he said uncomfortably. "You can see Eben and fix it up, I guess. If you pay for things as they come, and five or ten a week on the balance—"

She eyed him blankly. The Beth Carter voices went jumbled up, and she hardly heard what else he said as he edged toward the door. Five dollars extra a week—from where? She wanted to explain how it happened—the board Matthew owed, new glasses for Marie, summer dresses the girls needed—but what would he care, a delivery man? It was nothing to him. He might even laugh and tell it around—

Oh, no—he couldn't! Owing the money, even so much, was not as bad as if Manuel should hear that his wife ran bills she couldn't pay. Manuel wouldn't owe nobody, not a penny.

SHE crossed her hands on her breast, closing her eyes and swaying herself. For a little while she was lost in misery.

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Rosie's shadow was tall in the doorway. "Miz Colton an' Nancy's back, ma. Fish cart brought 'em. They're comin' now down the hill. An' T'eresa an' M'ree's gettin' ready to go. They're gonna change bathin' suits in the icehouse."

The need of doing something lifted

Mrs. Avelard from her chair. She pressed her lips together, shoved the screen door angrily, spoke Theresa's name in her sharpest voice. But her flurry began to evaporate with her third step into the sun-bright yard.

She shrugged wearily. "You know more'n your modder, I guess," she said. "Could I take a stick to as big a girl or lock you upstairs, hanh? W'at I done, T'eresa, you're makin' trouble wit' pa for me?"

Theresa tossed her head and made a sullen mouth, but gradually her eyes relented.

"You don't bring Cookie back, you hear?" her mother said. "It wouldn't be right, T'eresa. Your fadder work hard all day. W'en he comes 'ome tired, a little grouchy



JACK BYRNE

a native of New York State, knows Cape Cod well through summers spent there when he was growing up. He attended West Virginia Wesleyan, Columbia, and Marshall College and has been a newspaperman and a magazine editor.

maybe, he shouldn't have meanness around. Tomorrow's 'is ha'f day; he'll feel better. I could talk to 'im den, or maybe Sunday's better."

Theresa just said "Huh!" but Mrs. Avelard knew she had won her point. It was a little something done, and she felt relieved. She flapped her apron, looking off toward the figures along the road, Mrs. Colton and Nancy coming. Slowly her eyes shifted, lifting to the brow of the westward hill. She could see the shine of cars parked near Vic Dutra's shack.

"They was all singin' a minute ago," said Marie.

Mrs. Avelard turned back to the house. "Bring buckets, Rosie," she said. "Help mama get some coal."

There was still time to mix a cake. Cake and lemonade went good in the cool of evening. She was breathing heavily when she came back with the coal, but a douse of water cooled her face and the thought of how busy she would keep was a consolation. She put the groceries away quickly—they reminded her too much—and started on the dishes.

And today you are going to hear the big news you have all been waiting for. Immediately following today's story, Mother Hopkins herself will tell you about her exciting new contest that starts next week. Thousands of dollars to be given absolutely free. Hundreds of valuable awards that any listener may win. . . . But first we take you to the vine-covered cottage in Four Corners where Mother Hopkins keeps her sleepless vigil at the bedside of Olga, the grievously wounded international spy. . . .

Mrs. Avelard peered at the array of breakfast foods on a shelf. Maybe the Rogerses used Crispy Crunch.

Maybe Anna could bring home the box top.

MANUEL never liked Mrs. Colton in his house. She was common, he said. She was a neighbor though, and where else could she turn if things went bad? Mrs. Avelard set out milk and cookies for the young ones and exclaimed at the bruise on Mrs. Colton's cheek and listened to her story of the day with unbelieving hands and features of dismay.

The lights and music are soft on the Starlight Roof. The streets below teem with the mazda glitter and midnight abandon of New York's revelers. Across the table from Jerry sits Wanda, the girl he loved—or thought he loved—before he married Joyce. Slowly her possessive fingers move to touch his hand. What conflicting emotions course through him as he raises his eyes . . .

"I never intended to call the police," said Mrs. Colton, frowning her India print. "I just said that to bring him to his senses. I don't know what people will think, Mrs. Avelard, but I've done all I could." She dabbed her cheek with a handkerchief. "I won't step foot into the house until he climbs off his high horse and comes after me."

Mrs. Avelard made a sad clicking sound. She spooned the batter into her cake tins and put them in the oven. She tried her beans. Very good. Manuel liked his beans dried out on top, even burned a little.

"Excuse me," she said, crossing to the radio. "My next comes anodder station."

"It's none of my business, of course," said Mrs. Colton, "but I think you should know what Georgianna Fratus says about the Mitchells. She says this isn't the same Mrs. Mitchell he had at the start of the summer. She's some girl he took up with in Provincetown."

"It couldn't be," said Mrs. Avelard quickly. "She's friends wit' Miz Wenzel. She's got her weddin' ring."

"But she gets her letters addressed in another name," said Mrs. Colton. "Not that it's my business."

"W'at's Georg'anna know?" said Mrs. Avelard. "Talkin', talkin'—all she does." But her throat was suddenly dry. Manuel had wrinkled his nose at the skimpy halter Mrs. Mitchell wore and her red fingernails. Scandal under his roof, eating with him at his table—he wouldn't forgive it!

I like you, Alan. I admire your abilities, and I am proud of the reputation you have achieved in your profession. But love is something else, Alan. It is a deeper, stronger feeling than respect and good companionship. It is—oh, how can I tell you!—a tenderness, an ecstasy, that warms a woman's heart . . .

Even the voices didn't help. Her easy chair held no comfort for Mrs. Avelard, no steady tune to rock by, her kitchen all mixed up like a

stranger's house. Mrs. Colton's words—whatever she said, talking on—were splutter noises, like during storms, that broke up the restful flow. Chop wood and Anna's job and Matthew drinking whisky on the hill—what could you do? Cookie Francis, that no-good boy, and Eben Payne's two hundred dollars from where, and the hurrying hands of the clock that would bring Manuel home to arguments and telltale's shamefulness.

Her eyes could feel the quick tears she must not weep.

Oh, please—

It wasn't much she wanted, it wasn't much to ask. Today was all—a little time, a little peace. For herself it didn't matter, but a good honest man who worked so hard as Manuel deserved a pleasant house, a happy family.

"Don't you feel good?" Mrs. Colton asked. "Your stomach bad again?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Avelard. "Too hot is all. I'm too fat, I guess, for summertime."

She couldn't sit still any longer. With a murmur of apology she attended needless chores, shaking down the grate, filling her kettle, shooing flies at the door.

"Ma!" Rosie called from the yard. "It's time to go, ma!"

"Go?" Mrs. Avelard looked at the clock again. "My goodness—so late a'ready!"

It was almost an hour before Rosie should start for the main road to meet her father, but this fresh reminder put a flutter in Mrs. Avelard's hands. Her head had a dull ache.

SUDDENLY she sniffed. She hurried to the stove, exclaiming, and pulled her cake from the oven. Only the edge of one pan a little crisp, and she nodded her relief at Mrs. Colton as she put them aside to cool. All day's luck couldn't be that bad, burned cake and supper spoiled. A beach-plum filling, maybe, and a nice white frosting—

Now, Mrs. McFarland, I want you to tell your story to these ladies and gentlemen of the jury in your own words. Begin with that wintry midnight when you heard the peculiar sound from your doorstep, the faint wail of the abandoned infant . . .

"Hey, ma!" Rosie called again. "Look out here, ma."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Avelard, and she went into the yard to hear what Rosie couldn't say in front of company.

"Nancy's gone down home," Rosie said. "She ain't scared of her pa. She says it's all her mother's fault—"

Mrs. Avelard hissed a quick command. "Rosie! Where's your manners?"

Rosie pouted her lip toward the shack on the hill. "You better watch for Matt'ew, ma," she whispered. "They're gone clammin' now, and then somewhere else for a party after. I heard 'em say so. Matt'ew'll

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Meet the little woman...
who wouldn't stay home



Meet the little maid...
who had her hands full

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Mrs. Avelard sighed. There could be words in front of the boarders, even—black looks and nasty talk and Manuel put in his ugly-face temper that smiles and soft remarks were no use against. Misery would come to live with them; no happiness in the family day or night, and neighbors noticing.

A film of emotion blurred her sight and she saw the shadows of the afternoon as skinny dark arms reaching for her door. The road that passed her whitewashed fence was like that road in her worrying dreams—weary and shaded dim and going nowhere.

Rosie turned. "Oh, sure!" she said with a little laugh. "It's Joe, ma! He's home early."

Joe! Little Mr. Big Joe! There he came, small and slow around the bend, and why just the sight of him should make such a lightness inside her Mrs. Avelard didn't know. But it was there. A warmth was flowing, curing the ache in her head, lifting the sadness from her heart, chasing the shadows. Here was answer to the prayer she didn't dare to think.

"Run quick, Rosie," she said. "Tell 'im hurry. I'll fix a bundle wit' Matt'ew's good clo'es an' Joe can take to the shack for 'im. He needn't come 'ome."

And so we leave our friends the Maxwells. What new venture is Jimmy scheming? Will Ella and Charles continue to hurl themselves, blind and headlong, into the maelstrom of heartbreak and divorce? We shall learn more about it when we meet again at this same time on Monday.

Mrs. Avelard closed the screen. She smiled at Mrs. Colton, tilting her head in a knowing way. "You needn't worry," she said. "Dey come out all right, like wit' us. All people got troubles, little an' big, an' sometimes you couldn't t'ink w'at to do. But it comes around. You got to remember, if you're good people, not doin' harm or bein' mean, you couldn't be punished for dat. It wouldn't be fair."

She climbed the stairs to the boys' room, not slow and panting, like sometimes, but light and quick. She had the same sparkling feeling that came with a glass, or maybe two, of Christmas wine. From below came the voices of Danger's Daughters, telling her that all was well. That wicked woman's lies couldn't keep Steve and Emerald apart, not for long, and the crazy professor would recover his mind in time. That was the way it *had* to be.

She made the bed that the girls

forgot, and when she straightened the dresser she almost laughed at the funny look the mirror put on her face. Her hair—my goodness! She hurried down at the sound of Joe's whistle, and he smiled and pointed to the damp package on a chair.

Mrs. Colton and Rosie were in the doorway. "Here comes Nancy, ma. Her an' her pa comin' up the tracks"

"You see!" Mrs. Avelard exclaimed. "Didn' I say so!"

For here was *proof* that everything would happen for the best. No Mrs. Colton sitting in the house to give Manuel a grouch when he stepped inside or to hint all kinds of talk and bother him. Instead he would smile at the sight of Joe's fresh fish—tinker mackerel fried brown to go with the beans. She could clean the fish while Joe sawed wood enough to show he meant to.

HER hand felt the steadied beat of her heart. Manuel's payday tomorrow, and suppose she asked the Boston girls for a week's board ahead and they didn't mind? A little hard cash would show Eben Payne he needn't have no dead-beat worries for the Avelards.

And maybe John Adlock *did* owe Matthew. When he ate his breakfast tomorrow, dizzy-headed and tired, she would find out for sure. If he spent the money, even, he could still promise Eben a certain so much every week. He wasn't a bad boy, Matthew, not in his heart.

Saturday tomorrow—Manuel's half day. When he felt good, with his chores done and sitting with his pipe, was time enough to mention a word about the Rogerses or Cookie Francis. Or maybe Sunday, walking to church. The Mitchells could wait for Sunday, too, and it might come out that Georgianna Fratus was a liar.

For thick, rich, foamy lather that whisks your dishes shining clean in a jiffy—for pure, gentle suds that launder your daintiest garments without weary rub or scrub—for soap that soothes your hands and eases a hundred household tasks, there's nothing like *Miracle White*. Buy a package today—and be sure to listen to *Danger's Daughters* again on Monday. . . .

Mrs. Avelard stood in the doorway and watched Mrs. Colton and Rosie as they went along the footpath toward the railroad. She drew a long deep breath. Danger's Daughters was the last of her favorites. Such mix-ups all day long—my, what a lot she had missed! She went to click the switch, all finished, and again she felt a half-sadness, like waving to friends when they go away.

But it was all right. Everything was better now. She had her hair to fix, her slippers to change, and so many busy supper things that dark would come before she knew it.

Time flies. It wouldn't be so long till Monday.

THE END

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READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

PARACHUTE jumping makes so much war news that I thought you'd like to hear what a lady champion says about it. She is Vita Roth, managing director of the Women Flyers of America, a nonprofit patriotic organization. Originally from Chicago, Mrs. Roth has been flying since 1922 and holds a record for altitude jumps. . . . "In what we call a *live jump*," she told me, "you just step out into space, slowly count to ten, then pull the cord. Nearly every one counts too fast. It's a good idea to keep your eyes closed until the chute opens—and what a relief that is! Floating down seems to take much longer than it really does. Suddenly you see birds around you, which means you're getting back to earth. That's the time to pick your landing place and start controlling the drift of the chute. You are relaxed, trying to land on your feet, but usually you land on your knees. All jumpers' knees are permanently bunged up. Ankle sprains and fractures, however, are the commonest injuries." (After 263 jumps Mrs. Roth has stopped counting ankle sprains.) . . . "When you land," she went on, "you spill the air from your chute immediately to avoid being dragged. The chute harness chafes your shoulders despite thick flying togs. Apart from the *live jump*, there are two others: the *lift off*, for training beginners, and the *delayed jump*, for exhibitions. No jumpers like to have snapshots taken of them before they go up. They think most people with cameras are looking for a chance to say later, 'That's the last picture ever taken of that poor guy.'" . . . These days Vita Roth is hard at work schooling women as parachute riggers, to release men for defense service. Newest chutes have spun glass mixed with the silk—can't be remade into girls' undies, as are the discarded chutes of pure silk.

☆ Fred Picard, clever Swiss designer who for the past few months has been originating up-to-date women's wear based on American Indian art, explained to me why it is stylish in the mountains of Switzerland to wear only one earring—left ear only. According to old folklore, a single earring, in your left ear, is supposed to have the virtue of protecting you from eye trouble.

☆ Here are three slang terms every one uses now in wartime England: *A lot of slap* means a lot of excitement. *To boob it* means to do something inefficiently. *Get cracking* means get going. . . .

I've just picked these up from the concert pianist Prince George Chavchavdze, who is not long back from London.

He says two very popular English war songs are Roll Out the Barrel and Run, Rabbit, Run.

☆ It surprised me to learn that the authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin, Harriet Beecher Stowe, was one of our earliest ladies to become winter sports fans. In his new book about her, *Crusader in Crinoline* (published by the J. B. Lippincott Company), Forrest Wilson prints a letter she wrote to her husband ninety-five years ago, from Brattleboro, Ver-

mont, where she was having fun "sliding down hill on a sled and . . . snowballing by moonlight." Urged her husband to get out of his hot Cincinnati study and try long walks before breakfast.

At that time she was the mother of several children. A *crusader* she certainly was!—for health as well as freedom!

☆ Gertrude Lawrence's current play, *Lady in the Dark*, deals with psychiatry. A specialist in that subject is a friend of mine.

The other day I heard him moan, at the phone, as a ticket agent quoted prices of tickets ordered in a hurry. "I can't help the expense," said the doctor to me. "I've got to see that show *quick*. All my patients are asking why I don't soothe them with soft lights and music, like that psychiatrist on the stage."

☆ For my final Lenten recipe I've saved this *Baked Mushroom-and-Corn-Meal Layer Loaf*, a deliciously satisfying non-meat dinner. . . . Sprinkle 1 cup yellow or white corn meal in 4 cups boiling salted water. When meal thickens, transfer to double boiler. Add 1 tablespoon butter. Cook 2 hours, then pour into round heatproof dish, earthenware or glass. Chill overnight. Turn out whole and slice across neatly to make 3 layers, as for layer cake. Butter and bread-crumbs same heatproof dish. Put one of the layers on the bottom. Have ready 1 pound sliced mushrooms simmered in butter and mixed with ½ cup cream sauce and 3 tablespoons grated cheese. Cover first corn-meal layer with half the mushrooms; put on second layer, then remaining mushrooms. Third layer on top, dressed with butter, bread crumbs, and grated cheese. Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Decorate with pimento strips and serve with green peas.



"Nothing, thanks. Just looking!"

Ten to one is the ratio of air supremacy that Hitler deems prerequisite for "complete victory over England." As appeared last week in Mr. Williams' quotations from the Nazi Air Ministry's secret report, the Luftwaffe is expected to eliminate the R. A. F., destroy industrial plants, and play a large part in the stoppage of supplies from overseas. On December 1 the Air Ministry estimated that England had only 5,000 effective planes and could have only 4,000 more by March 31, whereas Germany would then have a grand total of 80,000, including 30,000 new bombers and fighters. (Mr. Williams thinks England's air strength was somewhat underestimated.) The Luftwaffe's active pilot personnel was reported to number 62,540. German planes of three new types, a turreted "destroyer," a bomber with a 40,000-foot ceiling, and an "invisible" bomber, were to be ready by spring.

PART THREE—THE MECHANIZED
ARMY OF THE AIR

THE Reich Defense Ministry, which corresponds to the War Department in the United States government, is the origin of the third in a series of reports submitted to Adolf Hitler, dealing with the Nazi plans for the invasion of England. Reports from the General Staff and the Air Ministry have been presented in preceding articles. All three, and still another—from the Ministry of Economics—were sent by Hitler, under date of December 1, 1940, to his ambassadors abroad. Through secret sources of information, textual portions of those documents came into my possession.

That the spearhead of the Nazi attack is to come from the air is confirmed in the present report. The Defense Ministry's figures corroborate those indicating a prodigious fleet of approximately 30,000 air raiders, to be used in the initial assault, and the Ministry announces that ten million tons of bombs are now in safe storage along the Channel front.

According to this report, Hitler intends to hurl every agency of destruction in his possession at Britannia's head. The intention to use gas is clearly stated. Much is revealed concerning the plans for auxiliary air weapons such as parachutes, and for others still untried, such as gliders and air-borne tanks.

While the Reich Luftwaffe may be one of the chief determining factors in the titanic struggle that now appears certain, it is not expected to be the decisive one. The air arm, of itself, cannot conquer territory. Göring's armadas may do great damage to English industry and inland communications. They may spread civilian demoralization. They may lash out at the defenders of the shore line and shower them with high explosives and poison gas. The air-transport fleet, geared as it is today, may deposit large bodies of troops with full equipment, including tanks, on English soil. But they will be doomed to annihilation unless rescued and reinforced by ground armies, landed from sea transports



GERMANY'S SECRET PLANS





BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

Gas, gliders, tanks that fly! Staff documents tell the story of a gigantic program in amazing detail

OR INVADING ENGLAND



under the protection of naval forces. If Hitler's attempt at conquest of England meets with any degree of success, the principal task must be carried out by the German army, the *Wehrmacht*, and its auxiliary formations.

I now let the Defense Ministry report speak for itself. It says:

THE air infantry is organized in 12 divisions of 8,000 men each. A fleet of 240 transport planes is assigned to each division. The arrangements permit the carrying of each air division with full equipment as an integral unit. These soldiers are equipped with light submachine guns. Their assignment is to consolidate and hold positions gained by the motorized air cavalry. The air infantry divisions are now undergoing intensive training in localities similar to the terrain where they are intended to operate.

The organization of the motorized air cavalry is not fully completed. When finally equipped and ready for the campaign of 1941, it will consist of 8 brigades of 2,000 men each. The mobile equipment of each brigade will consist of 200 light 5-ton tanks (*Panzerwagen*), 100 light 10-ton tanks, 200 special supply vehicles and 300 motorcycles. The tanks and supply vehicles are of special construction for release from transport planes over the ground. Training of these troops is proceeding as fast as tanks and planes are assigned. . . . In excess of 50 per cent of the experimental vehicles have been delivered. . . . Exhaustive tests over terrain similar to that of England have shown an average speed of 75 kilometers per hour on country roads, 50 kilometers across meadowland, and from 20 to 25 kilometers over obstructive ground. Their protective armament of special alloy has withstood tests of supermachine-gun fire as well as that of the regulation anti-tank gun known to be the regular English equipment, except for direct hits scored on the running track. . . .

The parachute troops have been reorganized in two separate corps of 25,000 men each. The First Corps is trained and equipped for the destruction and dislocation of enemy communications in the path of the motorized cavalry, and for such independent action as may be deemed necessary by the Invasion Army Command. To the Second Corps will be assigned the industrial disorganization in the enemy's rear. This will include the incapacitating of power plants and transmission lines, destruction of railroad bridges and trestles, cutting of telephone and telegraph wires, silencing of wireless and broadcasting transmitters. . . .

Comment by Wythe Williams: All these special troop formations have been called into being for the express purpose of an air invasion. The same applies to the glider corps, to which the report makes this brief reference: "Production of gliders, ex-

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cept those for training purposes, is suspended. This method of air transportation is intended for the initial crossing of the O. T. exclusively. The supply on hand is deemed sufficient for this purpose."

The gliders referred to are so-called air trailers, which are hooked to transport planes and cast adrift in the air currents when close to their destination. Members of the O. T., or Organization Todt, so named after its chief, Dr.—now General—Todt, builder of the Siegfried Line, are armed only with pick and shovel and other construction tools. Part of their job is the laying of pontoons for the crossing of rivers ahead of the advancing army, repairing blown-up bridges, and reconstructing highways.

TESTS with underwater flame throwers have been successfully concluded. Deliveries are in advance of schedule. Installation is to start early in January. These devices are intended for the cutting of mine cables, as a preliminary to the penetration of mine fields which form a triple barrier along the English coast.

The type of amphibian tank selected for mass production after the September tests was placed in manufacture immediately. Assembly of complete machines is still lagging. There has been a delay in the manufacture of certain underwater parts requiring a special alloy, and also in cork deliveries from Spain. It is still impossible to predict with any degree of accuracy just how many will be ready for active duty by March 31, 1941. . . . The Spanish cork is required for the manufacture of sustaining belts of sufficient lightness not to impede water maneuverability.

Construction of self-propelling barges for the carrying of tanks is far in advance of schedule, since the building of these vessels in Dutch and Rhineland boat yards was started a considerable time before the assembly of tanks was begun. Orders have been issued to slow up on this part of the construction schedule, giving preference to other types of barges the building of which was slightly lagging.

Manufacture of the new 5-ton tanks has been speeded up. Approximately 2,400 of these machines have been delivered and tested. Present indications are that a total of 6,000 will be ready by March 31, 1941.

The number of available 10-ton tanks now exceeds 12,000, exclusive of those assigned to the training services. Production of this type has been suspended, since the number now available is deemed sufficient.

There is now a total of 4,800 25-ton tanks available, in addition to those reserved for the training services. Assembly of tanks of this type has been suspended. Manufacture of spare parts is continuing.

The number of 50-ton tanks in tiptop condition for combat duty has reached 2,800. Production has been

geared for the attainment of the 3,600 goal set by the 1941 defense program.

The delivery of the 80-ton tanks has reached 1,200. Production toward the goal of 2,000 of these machines is continuing at full speed.

Delivery of armored motorcycles and side cars is already 50 per cent ahead of schedule. Nevertheless, production is speeded up, to make the manufacturing facilities involved available for the production of certain airplane parts.

Stocks of all regular army types of machine guns have accumulated to an extent which led to a suspension of the manufacture of this type of weapon. All available facilities have been turned over for the production of anti-aircraft weapons of the machine-gun and ordnance types.

All heavy guns of the Maginot Line suitable for coastal defense have been transported to focal points along the Dutch, Belgian, and French coasts. Their installation in newly constructed coastal fortifications is progressing satisfactorily. The huge quantities of ammunition found in the Maginot forts are considered sufficient to cover all expected contingencies. However, the now idle French armament factories can easily be employed in the production of additional stocks.

Air ammunition currently expended in raids over England is still taken from stocks accumulated prior to May, 1940. Production of high-explosive aerial bombs of all sizes and types is proceeding at an undiminished tempo. It can be safely predicted that by March 31, 1941, the underground storage facilities close to the air bases in Holland, Belgium, and France will contain in excess of ten million tons of high-explosive missiles. Additional quantities will be available at the central reserve storages. As far as production is concerned, there can be not the slightest doubt that even the most lavish expenditures will be met by the accumulation of supplies.

SINCE the expenditure of oil incendiary bombs has greatly lagged behind the quantities estimated in spring, 1940, production is suspended as of October 31, 1940, for lack of storage facilities. Arrangements have been made to resume production as soon as the depots begin to get cleared of present stocks. Production of the new thermite bomb was begun in September, 1940. Inasmuch as this type of incendiary bomb is not to be used until the big 1941 spring offensive, we have every reason to believe that the supply will be more than adequate.

For reasons of policy, the Supreme Command has withheld permission for the use of the various types of gas bombs thus far. Stocks more than six months old have been turned back to producers for remanufacture. It is understood that this type of bomb is intended for extensive use almost exclusively in advance attacks

on the coastal defense positions of the enemy. Unless this order is rescinded, the supply will be more than adequate. Limited production is being maintained.

The expenditure in aerial torpedoes has been sharply below the estimate of the 1940 defense program. The Command of the Naval Air Arm has reported such an accumulation of stocks that manufacture of this expensive type of air missile has been suspended for two months. Production can be resumed on short notice.

Comment by Wythe Williams: One striking feature of the German army of today as shown throughout the report is the absence of independent artillery formations. The Wehrmacht is not organized for a war of position. It is an army especially created for a swift war of movement, which means that always it must hold the offensive. Ordnance equipment, field artillery, antitank guns, mortars, motorized howitzers, even heavy railroad guns, are assigned to the heavy infantry divisions, to furnish them with the greatest possible concentration of fire power. The Defense Ministry report ends with a brief description of a Nazi armored division, also a summary showing the composition of the entire army:

A PANZER division has 12,000 men. It includes 500 tanks ranging from 10 to 80 tons; 750 motorcycles, approximately one third of which are equipped with side cars carrying machine guns; 2,800 trucks and other vehicles. Its artillery equipment consists of 24 heavy mortars, 70 field guns, 36 antitank guns, and 48 antiaircraft guns. Ordinarily it has assigned to it 12 reconnaissance planes. In active blitzkrieg operation its aircraft complement will be heavily reinforced with fighter planes and dive bombers.

The Wehrmacht as now organized is composed of 22 armored divisions, 16 divisions of motorized cavalry, 32 divisions of mechanized infantry. Its bulk consists of 190 divisions of heavy infantry, making a grand total of 260 divisions, representing a manpower strength slightly in excess of four millions.

Comment by Wythe Williams: A picture of Hitler's armed might, as he is massing it, would be incomplete without at least a delineation of Nazi naval strength. If the German Naval Staff submitted a special report at the same time as those from which I have quoted in these articles, the information contained in it was not made available to me. But fragmentary references to naval matters are contained in the other reports. Pieced together, they convey this fairly comprehensive picture:

Especially satisfactory has been the progress of construction on our new great naval base in Trondheim Fjord and the advanced island fortifications. Part of the facilities for the

submarine fleet have been in use for several months. The giant dry dock now under construction is designed to accommodate not only the battle cruisers of the Gneisenau class, and battleships of the Bismarck class, but also the new battle cruisers of the Deutschland class now nearing completion. . . . The battle cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, also the battleships Bismarck and Tirpitz, already are stationed at Trondheim.

Two of the four battle cruisers of the Deutschland class are expected to be ready for trial runs in early summer, 1941, while the other two will be launched some time in May. With their displacement of more than 42,000 tons and their 44-centimeter guns, they will outclass every ship now afloat, including the British battle cruiser Hood.

Among the unfinished war vessels captured in French ports or on French shipways were two battleships, one heavy and three light cruisers, one aircraft carrier, eight destroyers, and six submarines. Two of the cruisers have been completed in record time and they are now part of the naval forces of the Reich. The two battleships are expected to be completed in summer with equipment originally built by the Creusot works.

The results of ship-salvage operations in the waters of Narvik have been gratifying. Five of the destroyers sunk in April, 1940, have been raised and are undergoing repairs at Tromsø and Harstad.

It is expected that the coming of spring will find the Reich and Italian navies under a unified command. The total number of U-boats available for blockade operations in spring, together with those of the Italian navy, and also with French and Russian additions, is expected to be approximately 540. With construction of parts and assembly operations maintained at the current high pace during the summer months, an addition of 160 submarines by autumn is anticipated.

COMMENT AND ANALYSIS BY WYTHE WILLIAMS:

THE French battleships referred to are presumably the Clemenceau and Jean Bart, each of 34,000 tons. Their capture in uncompleted condition was announced by the Nazis in June, 1940. From this information, the capital-ship strength of the German navy in the near future appears to be:

The two battle cruisers Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, of 27,000 tons each, completed in 1937. The two superdreadnaughts Bismarck and Tirpitz, of 38,000 tons each, completed in 1940. Two battleships of the Deutschland class, of 42,000 tons each, and two former French battleships, of 34,000 tons each, all to be completed in 1941. In addition are the two pocket battleships Lützow and Admiral von Scheer of 10,000 tons each, completed in 1934.

This accounts for ten capital ships. The Nazis also stand a chance of ob-

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



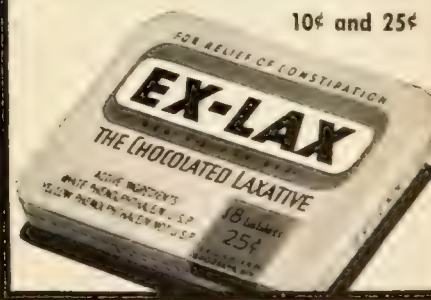
Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



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COMES UP EVERY SPRING



Rust, sediment and sludge have collected all winter in the cooling-system of your car. Clean out your radiator. Save trouble and expense later. Use 10c worth of Sani-Flush now! (25c for largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (Directions on bag.) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

taining the French ships Richelieu, a sister ship of the Clemenceau, and Strasbourg. With the addition of the five battleships of the Italian navy, the Axis would muster seventeen capital ships, the majority either brand new or of recent construction.

From various references in the reports it appears that Hitler's strength in destroyers will be approximately 82 with the coming of summer. Also, if the figures mean what they seem to imply, a fleet of something like 700 submarines under Nazi control looms in the offing.

From the bald inventory of lethal goods contained in the report of the Defense Ministry, and in the others, one is able to construct a preview of the invasion plan that may not be far removed from actuality. Without indulging in dire detail, here is the possible sequence of events. This is my prediction of how Hitler hopes to carry out his program, should he attempt the invasion:

SOME evening in April, or possibly in early May (all documents agree that March 31 is the date set for preparations to be complete), a few scattered bomber squadrons will take off as usual. The night selected will follow a period of routine raiding. The scattered raiders will give the English their customary *alerte* and otherwise prepare them for an uneventful evening.

At the same time, on other airdromes, carefully concealed and never before used, long lines of new bombers will be warming up. Into their racks will be loaded a type of bomb not used before—gas. Their objectives will not be announced until immediately before taking off, for they will be conditioned by the rate and direction of the wind. They will arrive over the English coastal areas as the night damp begins to settle.

Following them will come the waves of bombers. Back and forth all through the night these will ferry their loads of flame and destruction. Not only the coastal towns but the entire defensive areas surrounding the beaches chosen for landings will be subjected to a pounding that may exceed the worst efforts at Coventry. Presently the long-range guns taken from the Maginot Line, that stud the Channel coast of France, will begin firing, hurling tons of explosives to the rear areas of the defense positions.

British airdromes will receive the most concentrated bombing attacks since the beginning of the war. Every effort will be made to demolish the Royal Air Force on the ground. The Luftwaffe flyers will take greater risks and accept heavier losses from anti-aircraft fire than ever before. Success of the whole adventure depends upon holding daylight control of the air, and the R. A. F. must first be destroyed at whatever cost.

Inland points will not be overlooked, but industrial cities and possibly even London may be neglected in these preliminary all-out bomb-

ings, except for important rail and communications centers.

Simultaneously with the departure of the first gas bombers, flotillas of swift shallow-draft mine sweepers will set out from canals and river mouths of Holland and Belgium and the French invasion ports. Conveyed by fast motorboats, it will be but a few hours later when they reach the scene of their mission. By then, theoretically, the shore line of England will be aflame from end to end. Their object will be to locate, cut through, and destroy the formidable mine barrage with which the island kingdom is triple-ringed. They must carry out their mission behind the barrage of the bombing attack, but probably under intense fire from the English coastal batteries. Special dive-bomber squadrons doubtless will be assigned to protect them against any units of the British fleet that may enter this inferno.

Troops will not be landed during this first phase of the blitzkrieg, repeated on several nights, until daylight reconnaissance indicates that destruction is sufficiently complete and until daylight mastery of the air can be proven. The first Nazi soldiers to land on English soil, according to the program, will come by air and probably on the final night of the bombing.

THE actual bridgeheads will be established by the air infantry, landing from transport planes upon the beaches, after all shore defenses have been destroyed. Under their protection, the O. T. men from the towed gliders will begin construction of landing facilities for further forces of invasion, while the air cavalry, five-ton tanks, and motorcycle units are fanning out over the bombed coastal areas, overcoming remaining centers of resistance and making contact with the parachute corps. The parachutists, dropped farther inland, will be working their way outward toward the sea as they accomplish their special missions of disruption and destruction.

Only after this coastal strip is firmly in their possession, with the Royal Air Force effectually grounded, can the Nazis commence the barge transport of heavy tanks and shock divisions, and create a line of supply and communications. Not until all this is accomplished can Hitler take stock of his blitzkrieg as to its success or failure. He, after all, launches only the attack.

The riposte comes from England. And England's war ministers say, "We are ready!"

Can Germany itself now stand the dire strain of its all-out attempt at invasion? After eighteen months of British blockading, is the Reich short of coal? Oil? Rubber? Above all, is it half starved? Hitler's Economics Ministry's amazing secret answer, with Mr. Williams' comments on its credibility, will conclude this series in *Liberty* next week.



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ON SALE EVERYWHERE—10¢ AND 25¢



Lucille Ball in the hilarious farce, *A Girl, a Guy, and a Gob*.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★★★½ A GIRL, A GUY AND A GOB

THE PLAYERS: George Murphy, Lucille Ball, Edmond O'Brien, Henry Travers, Franklin Pangborn, George Cleveland, Kathleen Howard, Marguerite Chapman, Lloyd Corrigan, Mady Correll, Frank McGlynn, Doodles Weaver, Frank Sully, Nella Walker, Richard Lane, Irving Bacon, Rube Demarest. Screen play by Frank Ryan and Bert Granet from a story by Grover Jones. Directed by Richard Wallace. Produced by Harold Lloyd-RKO Radio. Running time, 91 minutes.

HAROLD LLOYD makes the step from comedy star to producer with as neat a laugh inducer as your Beverly Hills has chuckled over in a year. It isn't a cerebral high comedy but a fast-moving rowdy farce, full of hilarious gags and ingenious situations in the Lloyd tradition.

Producer Harold has hit upon a potential laugh luminary in George Murphy, been helped tremendously by the expert direction of Richard Wallace.

Murphy is a gob on shore leave, with his enlistment about to expire

Laughter, Love, and Mr. Lloyd

A comedy star becomes a producer with gay results

BY BEVERLY HILLS

and marriage to a pretty stenographer on his mind. Then the sailor suddenly comes to realize that his sweetie really loves her handsome but stuffy young boss. So Coffee-Cup, the gob, turns himself into a brash seagoing Cupid, sets out to defrost the stuffed-shirt employer and force him to break his engagement to a snooty society belle.

Then the old call of the navy gets Coffee-Cup again.

The laughs move frenziedly through the girl's wacky family, into funny crowded dance halls and fantastic marriage chapels, past riots and street brawls that shadow the impetuous salt, Coffee-Cup, pause now and then to center upon mere bystanders, such as the harassed owner of a pet shop, a florid little dance-hall hostess, and a sailor who can stand and stretch his anatomy some six inches to win bets from unwary bystanders.

VITAL STATISTICS: Harold Lloyd says that the jittery world will want, at least for the next twelve months, comedy, mystery drama, and adventure romance. Says, too, he intends to face the cameras himself soon in another comedy. Lloyd, by the way, hasn't appeared on the screen since Professor Beware in 1938. . . . George Murphy is the son of a famous athletic coach and trainer, Mike Murphy. George went to grammar school in Philadelphia, prep school at Peddie Institute, Hightstown, New Jersey, and Pawling School at Pawling, New York, finally to Yale. After that he was briefly a real-estate agent, a dance-hall manager, finally a dancer. Teamed up with Juliette Johnson and married her. The two won considerable success on the stage. Mrs. Murphy still works with George on dance routines. Murphy's pet weakness is shoes. Can't pass a shoe store without stopping to buy a pair. . . . Edmond O'Brien has only one other film performance to his credit, the poet Gringoire in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. Back of that was considerable experience on the stage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

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The greatest
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The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown'!"

It will be money properly spent.

It will blend the golden laughter and tears of April, as in William Watson's poem.

In September, 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—conversationally called M-G-M—decided that the world should know more about Father Flanagan and his famous home for homeless boys of all faiths. Result—"Boystown".

It was one of the five most successful pictures ever produced. There were letters from the public. There was a demand for more.



And so with time and care a new great hit was created—a worthy sequel—a successful successor.

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

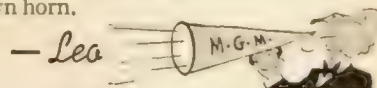
Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are Father Flanagan and Whitey Marsh again!

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

The original screen play by James K. McGuinness was directed by Norman Taurog, produced by John Considine.

Time is the master critic and Time has awarded every medal and trophy to M-G-M, the master of entertainment.

Sorry. We were told not to blow our own horn.



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

and in radio. Signed for films while playing in Shakespeare with Maurice Evans. A brother, Liam O'Brien, writes plays.

★ ★ ★ ROAD TO ZANZIBAR

THE PLAYERS: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel, Eric Blore, Douglass Dumbrille, Iris Adrian, Lionel Royce, Buck Woods, Leigh Whipper, Ernest Whitman, Noble Johnson, Leo Gorrey, Joan Marsh, Luis Alberni, Robert Middlemass. Screen play by Don Hartman and Frank Butler, based on a story by Mr. Hartman and Sy Bartlett. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 92 minutes.

ALSO designed as relief for war-harassed audiences. Those comedy globe-trotters, Bing, Bob, and Dorothy, are at it again. This time they are barnstorming through darkest Africa. Chuck Reardon (that's Crosby) runs a small tent show, Fearless Frazier (otherwise Hope) is his chief performer, a sort of stunt guinea pig. Chuck thinks up hard ones for his pal, such as being shot from a cannon, frozen in a cake of ice, jumping from a high tower as a human bat, wrestling with a gorilla. On their side-show safari they encounter Dottie Lamour being sold as a slave, outbid an Arab for her. They get captured by man-eaters, patty cake the natives into a free-for-all, and in the melee make their escape.

Crosby boop-a-doops as nonchalantly as usual, Hope grows funnier as Fearless, Miss Lamour sticks to her resolution not to wear another sarong. An amusing farce and pleasant music.

VITAL STATISTICS: Bob Hope says he ought to have a better box-office name for the electric lights in front of theaters. Is thinking of changing his to Banke Knight. . . . The safari

scene was shot on one of Paramount's largest sets ever constructed, runs four and one half minutes, with Bing and the Hall Johnson Choir singing African Etude as they march. . . . Background shots by Osa Johnson in Africa were used in some spots. . . . Here Joan Marsh makes her fourth start in the movies. Began in films at the age of nine months, returned when she was eight. Started all over five years later, quit to marry Charles Belden, screen writer. And here she is, off on another career. . . . After the film was completed, the Hollywood stunt men presented Bob Hope with an official card making him a member of their clan. Actually Bob doesn't do all he appears to do. Stunt Men Jimmie Dun-dee and Gordon Carvath doubled for him.

★ FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall, Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale, Lee Patrick, Allen Jenkins, Lucille Watson, William Frawley, Roscoe Karns, Grant Mitchell, Maris Wrixon, Noel Madison, Jack Larue, Turhan Bey. Screen play by Lester Cole and John Wexley, from a play by Lazlo Fodor, Bernard Merivale, and Jeffrey Dell. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Running time, 96 minutes.

THIS modern murder mystery comedy gets Errol Flynn out of the swashbuckling costumes of Robin Hood and The Sea Hawk, dusts off his dangerous hombre attire of Santa Fe Trail, and lands him in modern pants. The result is disillusioning. The Flynn style in florid historic roles is satisfactory; in slick tweeds it is just cute and a little hard to take.

Flynn is the head of an investment house who secretly writes popular mystery yarns on the side under a pseudonym. Then he stumbles across a murder that the police believe to be a natural demise. He shows up the dull-witted officers of the law but he almost loses his wife, who does not understand his bizarre behavior.

Too long and too dull. Best of the cast: Ralph Bellamy as a specialist of the dental drill and forceps.

VITAL STATISTICS: First modern role for Errol Flynn in three years, since *Four's a Crowd*. . . . Ralph Bellamy hit Hollywood in 1931, for six years played romantic leads and heavies. Then, in 1937, he did *The Awful Truth*, and he's been a comedian ever since. . . . Brenda Marshall was born on a sugar plantation in Negros, one of the Philippine islands; at fifteen she was sent to live in Texas. Went to Texas State College. Then tried the stage.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Escape*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *Arise, My Love*.

★★★½—*Tobacco Road*, *Cheers for Miss Bishop*, *So Ends Our Night*, *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*, *This Thing Called Love*, *Comrade X*, *Chad Hanna*, *Fantasia*, *The Letter*, *The Great Dictator*, *The Thief of Bagdad*, *North West Mounted Police*, *The Westerner*, *Strike Up the Band*.

★★★—*That Uncertain Feeling*, *Back Street*, *The Lady Eve*, *Come Live with Me*, *Hudson's Bay*, *Santa Fe Trail*, *High Sierra*, *Go West*, *Second Chorus*, *Arizona*, *Tin Pan Alley*, *Blackout*, *The Mark of Zorro*, *Night Train*, *They Knew What They Wanted*, *World in Flames*, *Knute Rockne—All American*, *Third Finger, Left Hand*, *Angels over Broadway*, *Christmas in July*, *Spring Parade*, *City for Conquest*, *Brigham Young*, *The Howards of Virginia*, *Hired Wife*.

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Greater Safety?
THESE NEW
SILVERTOWNS WERE
BUILT FOR YOU!**

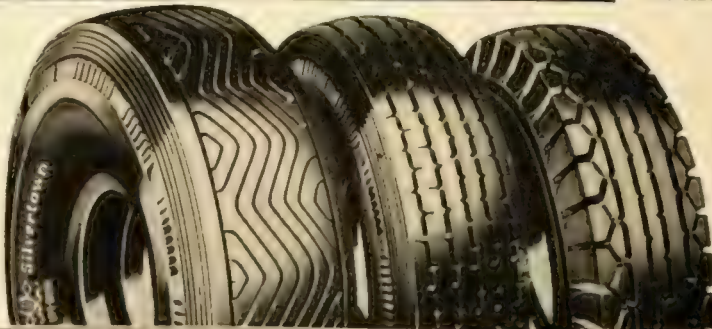
YOU'LL hear a new word, "Duramin," a lot from now on. It means more mileage for every motorist who rides on Silvertowns . . . more safety from skids . . . more protection against blow-outs. Duramin keeps life and bounce in tires—in the tread, in the tire body, in the sidewalls.

Yes, Duramin is the big news—but not the whole story. Right now is the time you need tires you can trust. So "Switch to Goodrich." Cash prices are low. All Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers also offer the easy Budget Plan:

LIFE-SAVER Silvertown (Right)
For every four miles that the original Life-Saver Tread Silvertown gave you—this new tire gives you five. No tire can stop you quicker. No tire can keep you safer from skids.

DELUXE Silvertown (Center)
It offers the best possible combination of mileage, safety, comfort and quiet running. Its new-type non-skid tread smoothes road noise to a whisper.

SAFETY Silvertown (Far Right)
This is the "popular price" Silvertown with greater carcass strength than ever before. Duramin, and Hi-Flax cords, make it the best tire buy in its price class.



Lively, revealing . . . A colorful slice of history as a Capitol veteran sees it

Roosevelt flung the challenge into Foraker's teeth.



American debunker

**A CLOSE-UP OF THE GRIDIRON CLUB
BY SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG**

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

YOU'VE heard of the Gridiron Club of Washington. This is to tell you *about* the Gridiron Club—which renowned Sam Blythe correctly says is “one of the enduring symbols of our democracy.”

But it's more than that. It is a great professional institution—a sort of Academy of Journalism whose honors are tops.

Still more, it is Washington's best semiannual insurance against humbug and pretense. It deflates public men at dangerous moments when a Jupiter complex might otherwise take possession of their official souls. Twice a year it reminds the great and the near great and the synthetic great that, after all, they are but common clay. To Presidents of the United States it is a perpetual hair shirt. To its semiannual dinner guests it is an everlasting delight. It has many imitators but no peers.

The dictionary says a gridiron is a

“grated utensil for broiling.” Right! And so is the Gridiron Club. Of course it is a lot of other things. It can be sweetly kind and generous when the sentimental occasion warrants. But its broiling function is its great national service. It helps maintain national equilibrium—and we can take a lot of that. One Club historian has put it this way: “It holds up the mirror to those who sit in the seats of the mighty and shows them in reflex that even in the national and international complications which surround them there is a lighter side” and “the Gridiron presentation often shows a way out.” But, with all its pungent burlesque, this same historian also has correctly said that “the Club has never laid a hand upon a patriotic impulse or wounded the sensibilities of those in distress.” It deserves an appreciation consonant with its service. So my fellow countrymen, here goes! Meet the Gridiron Club, the greatest “grated utensil” in American life.

One more preliminary paragraph. On the evening of December 12, 1940, President Roosevelt landed at Charleston, South Carolina, from a twelve-day semivacation cruise, and set out immediately for Warm Springs. Thus he missed the semiannual Gridiron dinner in Washington on that same night, the first one he had missed since he took over the country—the first that *any* President had missed (with two Coolidge exceptions) since the ailing days of President Wilson. Important speculations immediately vied even with the war news in capital conversation. Was F. D. R. taking this means of notifying the griddling newshawks that a third-term President must not hereafter be handled with the red-hot disregard for high authority which always typifies a Gridiron night? Was he side-stepping a program upon which Wendell Willkie (the other of two speakers of the evening) would at last have fulfilled his then unrequited aspiration to

"meet the champ"? Or was he just too busy with his heavy job—as he sweetly said in a pleasant letter to President Mark Foote?

Each answer had its partisans. But the important thing is the thing itself. Whenever a social organization of but half a hundred members, meeting but twice a year, can rate the spotlight which the Gridiron Club monopolizes each April and December, and when it can become a vital factor even on the calendar of Presidents, it is something both important and unique.

So let's look it over.

For fifty-five vivid years the Gridiron Club has been making colorful history. It all started in 1885, when kindred spirits in journalism associated together to promote good-fellowship in the nation's capital. At the first dinner the club gave, Vice-President Hendricks was chief among the

thirty guests. The most recent dinner was at the Willard, with 600 front-page names—at least, many of them so classify—on the list of lucky ticketholders. The fifty-five-year interim has seen this growth and evolution—with every intervening President except Grover Cleveland (who turned thumbs down) intimately related to the story. Highest diplomats and jurists are happy to grace this famous board. Tickets are not for sale. You have to be invited by a member or by the Club itself. And you're the envy of the capital whenever you are.

NOW, about the Gridiron Club itself. It is a distinctly closed corporation. Its active membership consists of fifty working newspaper correspondents assigned to the national capital. New members enter only when old ones die, leave active service, or quit Washington. Thus it perpetuates itself. At the moment there also are thirty-six "associated members"—principally the out-of-service or out-of-town group. And there are fourteen "limited members" not necessarily related to journalism but otherwise possessed of glorious talent which carries the brunt of the musical technique when the Club puts on its inimitably fascinating semiannual "broiling" shows. And the equally inimitable United States Marines always man the orchestra.

But the first *fifty* are the institution's heart and soul. In the very nature of things, since they have all moved to top assignments in the nation's working journalism, they are keen-minded, quick-witted, intimately informed, and used to separating wheat from chaff. At the same time, they have learned the lessons of responsibility; and I think they particularly feel the responsibility of maintaining the long and lofty reputation of their Club. At any rate, the reputation never lags, and the Gridiron never cools. It is doubtful whether any other group of fifty private citizens have wielded a greater indirect influence upon the public questions which the glow of the Gridiron has illuminated—although any conscious thought of "exerting influence" is farthest from the Gridiron thought or purpose. But one of these Gridiron "skits," as they are called, may succeed so conclusively in projecting the innate absurdity of something in the national prospectus that even its sponsors may conclude not to risk a national reaction in kind. I think I have seen exactly that thing happen more than once in the twenty-six consecutive dinners which I have been lucky enough to be invited to attend.

The fifty write these skits and their song parodies themselves. There are perhaps a dozen of them on a program. Then the fifty—sustained in essential spots by their fourteen associates—costume themselves, provide the props, and act and sing the parts.

Thus twice a year—usually in April and December—they heat the Gridiron to a consuming temperature and

proceed to fry the ego out of the nation's overlords with their good-natured but terrifically candid satire. And the victims are always invited to their own barbecue. But these victims have tremendous consolation. The Gridiron never wastes its time on small steaks. If you rate these consuming fires, you are *somebody*!

The political "outs" are usually treated with relatively sympathetic tenderness. They need little discipline. It is the "ins" who require reminder that human vanities are fickle jades. So it is the "ins" who really "get the works." I'll admit that it must be sometimes hard to take. But I suspect that most Gridiron victims nurse their scars among their happiest memories. Anyway, the country is just a little safer as a result.

But this should immediately be said in passing. The Gridiron Club can be kind and mellow upon occasion. For example, its farewell to Senator Ashurst last December was a beautifully touching thing; and when, on the same program, it greeted popular Jim Farley—back for the first time as a private citizen—with its affectionate welcome, Jim was entitled to the tears of appreciation which coursed down his cheeks. And the President of the United States, whoever he may be, after he has writhed for three hours on the center hot spot of the Gridiron, always gets a final sporting send-off in friendliest spirit just before he rises to his feet.

THERE are now but two speeches at one of these Gridiron dinners—and the specifications require them to be short. One comes halfway down the menu, when the "outs," speaking politically, are heard through an invited spokesman. The other terminates the program—the program is put on serially between dinner courses—when the "ins" have their inning; and it is almost invariably the President himself who then takes the rostrum and proceeds to get even with all and sundry.

The President gets on the program because he is President. The other speaker gets on the program because he is invited by the Club from among those who might voice "the loyal opposition." I think it is the most difficult speech any public man ever has to make. I know something about it because, with apologies for this personal word, I was permitted to make it in December, 1933, and in April, 1940. I probably spent two weeks apiece on each of those twelve-minute addresses. The trouble is, you must be both light and heavy. You should scorch the President, in keeping with the spirit of the night; yet you must be respectful. You must "say something," and yet you must not be ponderous. Meanwhile, you are speaking to what is probably the most critical audience of hard-boiled cynics that could possibly be assembled under one roof.

Two speeches only—and just two rules for the occasion, always an-

WELCOME CHANGE IN CIGARETTE ADVERTISING

ARE YOU weary and confused over the mass of claims seen every day in cigarette advertising?

AFTER ALL, we suspect you smoke a brand simply because you like it—the soundest and best reason of all.

ON THIS basis alone, we produced Chelsea—and utilized the best knowledge and experience that comes from 65 years of manufacturing quality tobacco products.

A GREAT many smokers report that Chelsea cigarettes have given them an entirely new pleasure in smoking.

MAYBE THEY will please you—maybe not. Possibly you will discover a new cigarette satisfaction.

24 for 15¢ ... 4 more than usual

Chelseas are packed in 24's—4 extra to the package! A dividend of 40 extra to the carton. Chelseas are new! And if your dealer cannot supply you, send \$1.50 for a carton. Address: Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Virginia. Branch of Larus & Bro. Co.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

nounced by the President of the Club in advance: "Ladies are always present; reporters never." This cryptic paradox simply means that the remotest touch of vulgarity is never tolerated, on the one hand; and, on the other, that the speeches may be free as air because they never go to press. One of the striking things about these programs, as a result of the first rule, is the demonstration of the boundless possibilities of American wit and humor without ever crossing the off-color line.

Then, there is but one toast at a Gridiron dinner. It is the grand finale. It is To the President of the United States. And it is drunk heartily by political friend and foe, not only by way of homage to the office but by way of tribute to the sportsmanship with which each President, in turn, accepts whate'er befalls him at untender Gridiron hands.

OF course there have been many dramatic moments in the history of Gridiron dinners. It would be inevitable with so much dynamite about. Perhaps the most spectacular was in 1907—in the midst of considerable national excitement over the Brownsville, Texas, Negro troop episode, and the even more considerable row over it between the White House and the Senate. Some Negro regulars had misbehaved and were court-martialed; but what practically amounted to a mutiny occurred when none of the soldiers required as witnesses would testify. President Theodore Roosevelt, much incensed, wanted all these troops dishonorably discharged. But the Senate, led by "Fire Alarm" Foraker of Ohio, dissented. Came the Gridiron dinner—with Roosevelt at the speakers' table and Foraker among the guests.

Goaded by a Gridiron reference to the Brownsville incident, Roosevelt angrily asked and received permission to speak at once. Whereupon, with all the flaming vigor at his command, he flung the Brownsville challenge into Foraker's teeth. Near pandemonium was the result. When Roosevelt had finished, President Blythe of the Club, abandoning all further thought of the regular program, invited Foraker to reply. The reply was as bitter and as personal as had been the challenge, and the banquet hall was in a literal frenzy, with the partisans of each debater excitedly shouting hysterical encouragements. When Foraker was done, Roosevelt returned to the assault. It was such an evening as Washington probably has never known before or since. It was so tremendous in its drama and its import that for once the Gridiron injunction against publicity could not hold. And so the tale was told.

I speak of one other incident. A new Minister from Finland had just reached Washington in very recent years. He was one of many distinguished Ambassadors and Ministers seated at the Gridiron board. Each, in senior order, took a bow and was

acknowledged with polite applause. The last to be thus presented was the newest and the humblest—the Minister from little Finland, which was struggling for its life yet still faithfully paying its debt to Uncle Sam. And, as if some one had touched an electric button releasing live electricity under every chair, the entire banquet hall leaped to its feet in spontaneous and prolonged cheers. It was magnificently thrilling. The Minister from Greece was correspondingly embraced last December.

SUCH are the Gridiron nights in April and December. Such is the Gridiron Club.

Such is this unique institution built around fifty Washington newspaper correspondents who still must do their regular jobs from day to day while warming the next grill. Each new dinner night the wonder grows

upon those who are fortunate enough to be quite regular Gridiron guests that such extracurricular achievement is humanly possible. The burden of preparation and rehearsal is tremendous—to say nothing of the burden of expense; because the dinner tables, themselves set in gridiron pattern, are heavy with beautiful flowers and fine viands. The sheer joy of it, the morale of a close-knit group of royal fellows, the camaraderies of a common profession, the inspiration of a great tradition—these must be the wellsprings upon which they draw.

This much certainly is true. So long as the Gridiron Club continues to perform in character, the nation has a great windshield wiper to help keep realistic visions clear. So long as it sustains its inheritance, we shall have "free speech" in this country—and "free speech" with a bang!

THE END

TELL ME ANOTHER *Kleenex*
and win \$5.00 - says

We will pay \$5.00 for every
"Kleenex True Confession"
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It was a "Blind" Date

UNTIL SHE GAVE ME
KLEENEX TISSUES TO POLISH
MY SPECS. WHAT A BREAK—
ONE LOOK AND OH BOY!

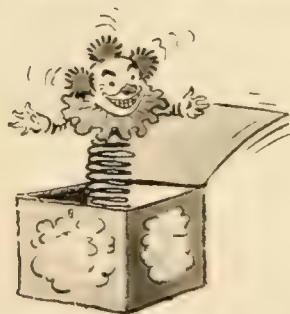
(from a letter by G. S., Redding, Calif.)



NO MORE Washday Blues

BECAUSE WE USE **KLEENEX**
INSTEAD OF WASHING DOZENS
OF HANDKERCHIEFS
WHEN WE HAVE COLDS.

(from a letter by M. S., Bessemer, Mich.)



Pops Up!...

ONLY **KLEENEX** HAS THE SERV-
A-TISSUE BOX TO END WASTE!
PULL A DOUBLE TISSUE...NEXT
ONE POPS UP READY FOR USE!

(from a letter by L. W., Chicago, Ill.)



SHE CUTS A PRETTY FIGURE

NOW THAT SHE'S LEARNED TO
KEEP HER ICE SKATES RUST-FREE AND
CLEAN WITH **KLEENEX**. SAVES ON
FAMILY TOWELS AND HANKIES!

(from a letter by E. M., Seattle, Wash.)

Don't put a Cold
in your Pocket... **Use KLEENEX***
KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

STRACHEY felt cold all over—not a superficial coldness but one that was bone-deep, and at the same time he felt stiff. It was as though he had lain for hours on a chill stone floor.

Janet was looking at him. He did not dare to look at her. He went to the clothes closet, searched it, found a couple of walking sticks. He took the heavier of these, a knobby thick thing. He put a chair next to the door that led to the living room, and stood on this.

"It's going to be nasty," he warned her, still afraid to look at her, "but I can't think of any other way. What I want you to do is stand there just where you are now until the first man comes in. Then throw yourself flat on your face."

"What are you going to do? I mean, about the second one?"

"I don't know. That's something we'll have to find out when it happens. Sh-sh!" He held the cane in both hands. "I hear somebody!"

A door was opened, but not this door beneath him. It was the bathroom door, and Jenkie La Rue stood there, the enormous black automatic in his hand.

"Get down off that chair. Who do you think you're dealing with, a couple of nitwits?"

It was done so quietly as to be insulting. Strachey got down. Walt Morgan came in from the living room and said, "Drop the stick, Strach," and Strachey dropped it. They began to move toward him, very slowly, one on one side, one on the other. Walt Morgan kept his right hand in a pocket of his coat.

Strachey tensed. Jenkie could not possibly miss from this distance, and once he had started to shoot he would probably continue. It was difficult to read him, he was such a dry, inhuman person; but Strachey suspected that he was at least as jittery as Walt Morgan. His nerves, too, might snap at any instant.

Walt said, "How 'bout you, Strach?" and stepped swiftly forward, taking his right hand from his pocket. Instinctively Strachey turned to face him. Then he saw that the gambler's hand was empty, and he whirled to face Jenkie. As he did so, Walt grabbed him from behind, grabbed his arms.

Of course Strachey struggled. But the business was finished before he had a chance to see what they were doing.

Jenkie had holstered the automatic, and now he had in his hand something small and shiny. He leaped at Strachey. Walt, from behind, in grabbing his arms had lifted the sleeve of Strachey's coat. The shirt sleeve was still in place, but Jenkie jabbed the needle right through that. There was a flick of pain, and Strachey, cursing, twisted himself in Walt's grip. Jenkie sprang back.

Walt said, "How 'bout you, Strach?" and stepped swiftly forward, taking his right hand from his pocket.



Death loses, love wins!
Here comes the story's
swift, surprising finale

Girl

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY



"He busted the needle! But I got it all in."

It acted very swiftly, perhaps because of his struggles, because his heart was beating so fast, his blood racing at such speed through his veins. Almost immediately he felt weak. He tried to keep fighting, to wrench himself free of Walt Morgan, who ordinarily was not strong enough to hold him long. But a nightmare paralysis had gripped all his muscles. Even the sound that must have been that of Janet screaming was padded in fur. And after a while he couldn't hear anything at all. He knew that they were putting him on one of the beds—he knew this, but he couldn't do anything about it.

FOR a long time, perhaps because the room was dark, he did not know where he was. He could blink, he could breathe, and move his fingers and roll his eyes, but these activities told him nothing about his surroundings.

When at last he managed to move his head a little, he learned that he was still in the same bedroom, stretched on one of the twin beds. On the other, motionless, on her back, her eyes closed, but breathing, was Janet Lair. She wasn't more than a few feet from him, but at the moment he could not reach out and touch her.

The far hum of traffic was low. Now and then he could hear a car approach, pass with a high snapped-off *zee-ee-ee*, and then whine away. It was like being on an open highway.

And why was he still alive? Perhaps they were waiting until there should be no traffic, or practically none, in the street outside. The apartment house was in the middle of a quiet block anyway, and at this hour there wouldn't be much light out there. Perhaps they were waiting for a certain taxi driver in his car, somebody they knew they could trust to keep his mouth shut. It should not be difficult, in the circumstances, for two men to carry out a man and a woman who were unconscious, and to put them into a car,

without attracting undue attention. The probability was that nobody would see them; but if anybody did, it would be taken for the break-up of a party. The sight of unconscious men, and for that matter women, being bundled into taxicabs in the early hours of the morning is not one a New Yorker would be likely to note or specially to remember.

For the moment, Strachey decided, he would lie perfectly still. He would save whatever strength he might have. His brain was by no means clear, and he knew that his muscles were stiff, his nerves uncertain. He was not even sure of his limbs. If he had to spring suddenly to his feet, he might find his legs refusing to support him. It was best to lie still and see what happened.

He faced the windowed wall, the bathroom door. Behind him, between the heads of the two beds, was the half-open door to the living room. A light shone in from the living room, but it was not very bright. There was no light in the room where Strachey and Janet lay, except that which drizzled half-heartedly through the window.

Now for the first time he became aware of voices, Walt's and Jenkie's, in the living room. They were so low that he could not make out any words, but the tension in the voices was clear. Jenkie and Walt were all on edge. They were likely to do almost anything. Walt Morgan in particular had been the stone-faced gambler too long; he had held himself in for too many years; and when he flew apart, if he did, it would probably be in a big way.

The voices died when the doorbell rang.

THE doorbell rang for a long time. It would stop, then start again. Strachey, lying motionless, heard a stir of whispers in the living room. He could sense the words he could not distinguish. Jenkie and Walt were wondering who this could be. They were wishing he'd go away, whoever he was.

One crossed the room; his footsteps, though low, were clear. "Car's not down there yet."

It was Jenkie.

Walt said something, probably something about being still. The doorbell went on ringing.

At last they got up together and went to the door. Strachey heard them open it carefully.

There was an instant spate of talk, thick, loud, rude. Mr. Levinson was wanted immediately. Good old Bill Levinson! They knew Bill, didn't they? Well, if they didn't know Bill, then what the hell were they doing here in Bill's apartment?

Walt Morgan's voice was low, smooth, easy. Undoubtedly he was informing the visitor that nobody by the name of Levinson lived here. Which was not sufficient.

"Course he lives here! Don't give me any of that! Didn't he ask me to come up himself? Wasn't I talking

TICKS OUT

Check

to him on the phone just a little while ago?"

Walt's voice again, the words blurred, the meaning clear.

"What do y'mean, he doesn' live here? Listen: you can't give me any of that! I know better, see?"

It wasn't funny, because nothing could have seemed funny to Strachey Smith just then. On the other hand, it was so commonplace, so silly, that Strachey felt something like a giggle deep in his throat.

This passed when the bathroom door was opened and a man walked in.

Strachey could not see him well, seeing him chiefly in silhouette. The man's height and thickness were clear enough, and each was considerable, but none of the features of his face.

Strachey could see, however, that he held a flashlight.

FOR a moment Strachey thought that this man must have been hiding in the bathroom, and wondered where; for he himself, Strachey, had searched that bathroom. Then he remembered the door on its far side. That door had been locked when he tried it, but obviously it had been unlocked from the far side by Jenkie La Rue when he came through the bathroom and into this bedroom to catch Strachey on the chair with the walking stick.

The man, then, must have come from the second bedroom, the only other door of which opened into the living room.

"Now, listen here. Maybe you think this is funny, but I happen to want a drink! I don't think it's nice to try to kid a guy when he wants a drink. So just cut it out and send Bill Levinson here—"

While the oily slur of Walt's voice and Jenkie's made answer, the man in the room with Strachey snapped on his flash. The beam fell, as it happened, directly upon Strachey's face.

The man gasped, and his hand went under his coat and came out with a revolver which he cocked with his thumb as he drew. He thrust it forward too, as he drew it, so that the muzzle was scarcely three inches from Strachey's nose.

"My God!" he muttered. He put away the revolver, not uncocking it. "It's you!"

Strachey had started to say, "So it is," when the voices in the foyer got loud, Jenkie's in particular. They were losing patience with this visitor—indeed, shoving him out.

A door was slammed.

"There!" said Jenkie.

The man in the room with Strachey immediately sprang back into the bathroom. He closed the door very quietly.

The silence then was not long, perhaps not more than ten or fifteen seconds, but it seemed hours. It was cut by the harsh disagreeable clang of the doorbell.

Jenkie La Rue's nerves had been

scraped raw. He spoke a little louder this time, and impatiently:

"Let him ring! If I have to stand there and argue with him any more, I'll go nuts and hang one on his chin!"

Walt's answer was not clear, but Strachey, straining his ears, caught something about letting the drunk come in.

"Why do that?" asked Jenkie. "Remember, the car's down there now. We're all set."

Walt answered that he knew this. But he added, as nearly as Strachey could make out, that the drunk was likely to keep on ringing and making trouble for the Lord knew how long, and might even stagger downstairs and make a complaint to the police, he was so sure that he was at the door of the apartment of his friend Bill Levinson. If, however, they let him walk into the apartment and look around, he would learn his mistake.



"Careful, dad—don't make me slap-happy!"

He couldn't be so drunk that he wouldn't know the place when he found himself in the middle of the living room. It was the only way to get rid of him and at the same time be sure of having no trouble. They didn't want to slug him, because he might go call the cops. And they certainly didn't want to beat him into unconsciousness, considering all the stiff they had in the dump already!

"O. K.," Jenkie muttered.

The man had come back from the bathroom. Now he flashed the light in Janet's face. He seemed very nervous about something, and listened even more closely to the voices from the living room. From time to time he shot a glance through the half-open door.

Janet's eyes were still closed, but Strachey, who had turned an anxious head, saw that she breathed. She had probably been given a heavier dose than he had. They had injected it into her arm with a fresh needle which they did not give her a chance to break off. Strachey himself had not got so much. Or else he was bet-

ter able to absorb it. He knew that some people could take a lot, some very little, regardless of whether they were addicts. He might be one of those who could take a lot.

The man with the flashlight muttered, "It's the craziest thing I ever saw!" His nerves too were on edge. No more to Strachey than a blur, nevertheless he could be seen to be tense. His knees jerked ahead of him as he moved, and the hand that held the flashlight was not steady. The other hand was hidden under his coat.

Walt Morgan in the living room said persuasively, "Now, you see, don't you?"

The man with the flashlight switched it off. He stood motionless, his right hip not more than four inches from Strachey's face. He had inched the revolver half out of its holster under his coat, but now he moved it no further. He seemed fascinated by what he saw in the living room.

"Now, if you'll just be good enough to take our word for it that nobody by the name of Levinson lives here or ever did live—"

Jenkie yelled, "Look out, Walt! He's got a gun!"

Then things happened very fast.

The man in the room with Strachey yelled, "Run, Paul!" and took a step toward the living room, after which he changed his mind and took three swift steps backward, fully drawing his revolver as he did so. There were four shots in the living room, all so close together that they were like a single smear of sound; and not until afterward did Strachey Smith become aware of the fact that they'd been made by two different guns, one being cracky like a whip, the other a solemn and very loud boom. It might have been, when he heard it, one explosion of dynamite.

Walt Morgan entered, half running. He held his perky little automatic and there was a wisp of smoke at the muzzle. He fired twice, wildly, at the man from the bathroom, who now stood with his back to the wall between the window and the bathroom door. The man fired back.

NOW they were a couple of madmen. In the grip of panic, wild with excitement and fear, there was no telling what they might do.

Strachey Smith heaved himself from the bed, and pain ran into his joints like water in a pipe. But the pain did not stop him. It sheeted across his consciousness like lightning in a summer sky; but if it had any effect upon his mind, this was to clear it.

He sprang right across the line of fire, his body not more than a few feet from each pistol and exactly between them. He threw himself face down across the face-up Janet Lair; and as he did so he heard the guns roar again and again, so that the whole room seemed to shake, the whole building, indeed the earth itself and all that the earth here in

New York held—the pavements, the massed brick and steel, the armies of human beings. Something seemed to go *plop!*—an abrupt, rubbery, indignant sound—and then for a little while he knew nothing.

JANET'S eyes were open, those very large brown eyes, and for some time this seemed the most important fact in the world, so that he was startled and even a trifle impatient when he heard her asking again and again, understandably, if with a deplorable lack of originality: "What happened?"

Some time later he replied, "I don't know." Then he said, "I'll find out." He got off the bed very carefully, straightened, stooped, kissed her, and asked, "Sure you're all right?"

"Absolutely," she said.

The light was on now. Walter Morgan sat on the floor, his head resting against one of the beds. He could have been asleep, except for the dribble of now drying blood at his mouth and the great gooey blotch of blood on his shirt. He looked unimportant, tired, cross. The man with the flashlight—he no longer held it, though—was a large, thick, coarse, slow, scared person bodied like an elephant, but no doubt with a mind any snail would scorn. He was wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and when he saw Strachey Smith there was no question of urging him to talk. He babbled with promptitude—with gratitude, too.

"Paul shouldn't have come inside. He wasn't supposed to do anything but just keep them talking there at the door while I sneaked in by the service entrance. He shouldn't have let them talk him into walking in. We shouldn't have done it, in the first place. Paul's gone out for cops. He shot that other one, that little guy with the face like a ghost. Didn't kill him, but it's bad enough. This one"—his eyes were ping-pong balls when he swiveled them upon Walt Morgan—"is dead, I guess."

"Yes," said Strachey. "Who are you, anyway?"

"If he hadn't of come in, it would have been all right. I saw you. I saw you!"

"I know that. But who—"

"Then I saw her there, and then it would have been O. K. Same room, see? Not the same bed, but the same room. I wouldn't have come in, in the first place, and neither would've Paul, except that she insisted. We'd call her up every half hour, like orders, and she got wild after a while and said to break in. She's got what it takes, of course. Hell, we got her sore and we're likely to lose our jobs. And we couldn't get hold of the boss on the telephone, so we decided we'd better do what she said. It still would've been all right if Paul hadn't got talked into coming in, and then he got acting drunk a little too hard and banged against a table, and one of the guys saw his gat and let out a yell. They all went ga-ga then—Paul

too. But we shouldn't have broke in, in the first place. 'They're in there?' she asked. And I said, 'Oh, sure, ma'am; they're in there, all right. Been in there for three hours now.' 'Well, what are they doing?' she'd say. But I couldn't tell her, naturally. Neither could Paul. So she said for us to go in. One of us, she didn't care which.

"Hell, ma'am," I said, 'we got no right to break in there! In the first place,' I said, 'we're private cops. But even if we was working for the city, I said, we still wouldn't have any right to break in. Not unless we had a warrant.' Well, I sure wish I'd stuck to that! Here's this guy, now—he's dead. And I don't know who he is. I got nothing against him. Only thing, he lost his head and started shooting, and what else could I do? Now I'm likely to get in all sorts of trouble. All on account of her and the way that she kept insisting."

Strachey drew a deep breath and cut in. It was almost a physical interruption, as though done with an elbow.

"Please, please! I can't make head or tail of this! Who kept insisting?"

"Well, she did, didn't she? She's bound to have her way all the time."

"Who is? My Lord, man! I can no more—"

The big fellow stared in amazement at Strachey.

"Well, you ought to know that about her, when she gets her mind made up to anything. After all," said the big man, "you're her husband."

STRACHEY sat down so hard that the bed squealed. He announced that he gave up. But Janet touched his hand.

"Don't you get it, darling? These men are private detectives hired to watch us. *Naturally*, this man thinks you're Clara's husband. He's not to be expected to know that she really wants the pearls."

"Well, I'll be— Clara! Well, she's not going to get what she wants—"

Janet looked at him and smiled.

"I think you're going to let her have them—if she pays enough."

"But what about Joubet? They are not ours until—"

"Darling, we both forgot that Belgium now is in German hands. When I saw Joubet this morning I found a broken old man tragically concerned about his country. He *wants* the pearls sold—and the money used for relief. He says René Claessens would have wanted that, too."

"He would have," said Strachey slowly.

"Clara will pay more than any one else—and we'll take only enough for steamer fares back to Mangareva—"

Strachey laughed.

"And Clara will get what she wanted. Fair enough, because she *did* save our lives."

"So we could live them together," said Janet softly.

THE END



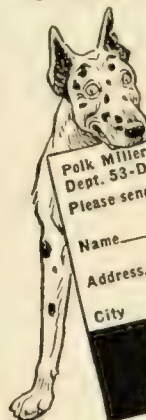
SURE I'M TOUGH—but I can't win over worms by myself! I had 'em bad, last month. "They're nothing," says the Boss. "Oh yeah?" I groans, and he finally gets wise that they're dangerous.



"THIS'LL SLAY 'EM," he says, bringing out some Sergeant's SURE SHOT CAPSULES. He's right! "You should've learned to read," he grins. "I got the dope from the Sergeant's DOG BOOK!"



"BIGGER THEY ARE, HARDER THEY FALL," is the worms' battle-cry. Don't give them a chance at your dog. Get SURE SHOT or PUPPY CAPSULES at any drug or pet store—and be ready to get the worms early!



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Did "Diamond Jim" Have Stomach Acid Pains?

It is hardly likely that Diamond Jim Brady could have eaten so voraciously if he suffered after-eating pains. Sufferers who have to pay the penalty of stomach acid pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid should try a 25c box of Udga Tablets. They must help or money refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

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Package of 5 tablets **5¢**

AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

MAN seems born with the desire to travel "into something rich and strange." From Marco Polo's day to that of the League of American Wheelmen, he has seized eagerly upon any new means of transportation that will get him somewhere else as soon as possible.

Frequently, as in the case of our own pioneers of covered-wagon days, these venturers have endured much in order to satisfy their lust for the varied way of life—and even in fairly recent times, before the automobile came, they could work their will only by the expenditure of large amounts of time and energy and money.

Vacations for the average man, except close to home, were virtually unknown.

The automobile has changed all this, not only by subtracting distance from our vacation problems but by adding infinite variety to our vacation opportunities. The highway, disappearing and reappearing over each successive hilltop, is itself a continuing challenge to our yearning for the unknown. And at journey's end we find—well, we find almost anything we want to find. For the motorcar enables the vacationer to follow his own schedule, to change direction at any point in the journey, to get off the main travel lines, and to seek new adventures wherever they are to be found.

Small wonder, then, that travel has become a five-billion-dollar business and that twenty-five million cars travel one hundred and thirty billion miles a year over American highways!

The increase in vacation travel has come with a rush. Last year the American Automobile Association, which is a confederation of some 750 automobile clubs in various sections of the country, was called upon to plan more than ten million tours for its members. The average length of trip that these ten million motorists planned was 3,300 miles, or more than the distance from coast to coast. Vacation trips of 10,000 miles or more are becoming increasingly common.

The construction of a superhighway like the Pennsylvania Turnpike—America's pioneer long-distance tunnel thoroughfare, which extends 160 miles through the Appalachian Mountains, and eliminates sharp turns, steep grades, bottlenecks, and traffic lights—gives a tremendous impetus to cross-country travel. More than 248,000 motorists used this new road during the first month of operation.

There will be many more of these dream highways, some of them for national defense, others as part of the great public-works program which is already being planned to take up the economic slack in postwar years.

Already there are available for motorists innumerable coast-to-coast thoroughfares within our own boun-

daries, the recently completed picturesque Trans-Canada Highway which links British Columbia to the Great Lakes, and a 3,303-mile stretch of paved road from the Gaspé Peninsula in Canada down to the lower part of Mexico. Moreover, prospects for a Pan-American Highway from Alaska to the heart of South America are now so bright that October 12, 1942, the four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of Columbus, has been tentatively set for its opening.

On more modest highways, however, there is still much to intrigue the motorist's eye. On the Molly Stark Trail in Vermont there is a hotel called the Chateau Calvin Coolidge. In Murfreesboro, Arkansas, is America's only eighteen-carat important diamond mine. In Yosemite Valley, California, is a waterfall so high that nine Niagaras piled one on top of another could not equal it in height. In the Black Hills of South Dakota—Mr. Ripley, please note—there are warnings: "Caution, Drive Carefully, Buffalo Crossing Highway." But Nevada has the strangest wild-animal signs of all. They warn the driver to look out for crickets. Swarms of them, crushed by automobiles, make the roads "dangerously slippery."

All of which would seem to suggest

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

that the motorist's first concern these days should not be with whether he should make a vacation tour this summer, but where—out of all the routes which beckon him—he should go.

Increasingly inquiries at tourist-guide bureaus are about trips to the Far West. Not that New England and the East Coast have lost any of their popularity, but because so many vacationers have learned to know from personal experience these long-time publicized vacation lands. In the East the average motorist now knows his way about, even if he hails from distant points. Many Easterners and Westerners, however, are still seeking practical information about the Far Western wonders which are now opening up to them with the help of speedier and more comfortable travel not only by private motor but by the combined use of motor, railroad, bus, and plane.

And there is much that these West-bound travelers may learn that will add immeasurably to the success of their summer's trip.

For example, a family wishing to save time en route to some distant point can now buy a railroad ticket for the family car at little more than it pays for the transportation of Uncle Harry or Sister Sue. Four cents a mile usually, sometimes less

An eye-opening guide to vacation joys in '41—The second of a series

—and you and your car get there together, both of you rested and refreshed!

Or, if you prefer not to take your own car, you can engage drive-yourself motor accommodations along with your railroad Pullman reservations, and find a car waiting for you alongside the station platform. And, if you want to use all your current vacation funds for your motor trips, you can buy your railroad tickets on credit and pay for them over a period of months, just as you do your automobile or radio. Railroad folks are no end accommodating.

Airplane folks are accommodating, too. Even the big luxury liners haven't yet reached the point where they can carry your automobile, but they can carry father. If Mr. Provider has to stick to his desk some weeks or some weekdays while mother and the children are enjoying a motor vacation far from home, all





Auto Way

he has to do to join them is to jump a plane at the nearest airport.

And as for the bus, it joins the combine as a second car, chauffeur-driven, ready at all times to take the strain off the family driver who may not care for weeks of continuous service at the wheel. For example, in almost every vacation section, the bus lines operate planned and escorted tours, which enable the visiting motorist to see all the principal sights more expeditiously than he could without their expert guidance.

But to get back into our own car: Obviously, in one travel article or in a dozen, it would be quite impossible to list *all* the most desirable spots in which to spend a vacation this summer, or to describe in detail any considerable number of them. But it is possible to state definitely where this sort of information can be obtained, and how to obtain it.

Most states have Highway Com-

missions, Departments of Conservation, or similar official bodies which make a business of assembling in attractive and useful form everything that a visiting motorist needs to know about their state's historical sights, scenic beauties, motor routes, recommended hotels, cabins, camps, garages, service stations, *et al.* This literature will be sent free on request.

Supplementing the work of these official bodies and frequently covering a larger territory are many semi-official or private civic associations, chambers of commerce and the like, whose service is prompt, expert, reliable, and free. These organizations not only send attractive descriptive matter and price lists on request but often suggest special trips and routings and maintain travel bureaus for the convenience of incoming motorists.

I could name dozens of these helpful organizations, but will confine the list to a few excellent examples, whose advice I have myself had reason to seek in recent months:

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd., 629 South Hill Street, Los Angeles, California;

British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C., Canada;

Californians, Inc., 703 Market Street, San Francisco, California;

Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida;

Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida;

Department of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, North Carolina;

Department of Conservation, State Office Building, Nashville, Tennessee;

Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 215 Market Street, San Francisco, or 714 West Olympic Boulevard, Los Angeles, California;

State Highway Department, Salem, Oregon;

State Progress Commission, Olympia, Washington;

State Tourist Bureau, State Capitol, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

That gives you an idea. A letter or a postal card or a telegram to any of these organizations or to similar ones in other parts of the country will bring you immediately all the information you need for the choosing of your vacation. And if you wish more detailed information about some national park or monument or forest, Uncle Sam will give it to you.

Just address National Park Service, U. S. Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

Then, having made your choice as

FOR BETTER SIGHT USE BETTER LIGHT



Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles about them and by them in Liberty.

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

to "where," comes the still important question of "How?"

There are many ways to get to most of these pleasure lands. You will undoubtedly wish to go one way and come home another. You will perhaps need helpful hints as to the preparations you should make, the clothes you should take, the matter of hotel and cabin reservations.

Well, there are also organizations manned by expert travel authorities and equipped to furnish this information promptly and without charge.

Of course, if you belong to your local automobile club, your routing problem is already solved, for the superservices of the American Automobile Association are automatically at your disposal. The services are free, but there is a moderate charge for your local club membership.

A motorist who is a member of one of these clubs also has extended to him the services and facilities of all the other clubs. For example, if a touring member has a flat tire, runs out of gas, has a motor breakdown, or other difficulty along the road, the nearest AAA club will send a mechanic to the scene of the breakdown and make necessary repairs without charge, unless major repairs are involved. Another valuable service provided the tourist is the bail bond, which saves the motorist embarrassment over a stay in jail pending trial in the event he is charged with some traffic-law violation.

Assuming that you are among the millions of occasional motor vacationists who have not yet felt the need of joining an automobile club, you need not despair of getting accurate routing service without a penny of expense. For the big oil companies have gone into the tourist guide business on a large scale.

THE organizations operating in only one section of the country—such as the American Oil Company in the East, the Pan-Am in the South, and Richfield in the West—naturally concentrate on their particular sections, but have a good bit of information on tap which is useful to motorists everywhere. Excellent road maps are their specialty. American also distributes fascinating booklets on What to See in Maine, What to See in Florida, etc.

Companies operating on a nationwide scale extend to all who apply a nation-wide coverage which is really remarkable. Most of them have set up elaborate travel bureaus for answering questions, distributing literature, and preparing special routings. If you are in doubt, your favorite filling-station man will tell you where to write; but, in the case of the big nation-wide distributors, a letter addressed just to the company, New York City, will get results.

Each company has its specialty. For example, Texaco furnishes its clients with valuable charts showing gasoline taxes of various states, which vary from three cents a gallon in some states to eight cents in

others. Sometimes it pays to fill up before crossing a state line! Several companies provide radio logs which put the itinerant dial twister in touch with the best local programs in the section through which he is passing.

Gulf, in addition to its regular "tourguide" service, goes in heavily for helpful hints such as "Turn off all the lights before you leave home." "Ask your neighbor to take care of your plants," "Stop delivery of milk and newspapers," and, of course, "Be sure your tank is filled with good Gulf gasoline." And Tide Water has carried its highly personalized service to the point of helping motoring philatelists add to their stamp collections.

Sinclair . . . well, I can't tell you in detail about them all! The point to remember is that your favorite oil company can give you the

You can see America by bus, too. In next week's article Mr. Collins tells you how.

information necessary to plan your trip or put you into direct communication with some one who can.

One question which naturally occurs over and over again in all these travel quizzes is "How about accommodations along the road?" And the answer—no matter what wild stories you may have heard—can now truthfully be made that they are good, *very, very good*.

And in this, as in all other matters connected with your summer trip, you can make sure of your ground—or rather your bed—before you leave home. Most of the travel bureaus already mentioned will send you detailed information about hotel, restaurant, and cabin accommodations along your route. And the cabins themselves have, in many instances, banded themselves together for purposes of furnishing advance information as to what accommodations they have to offer.

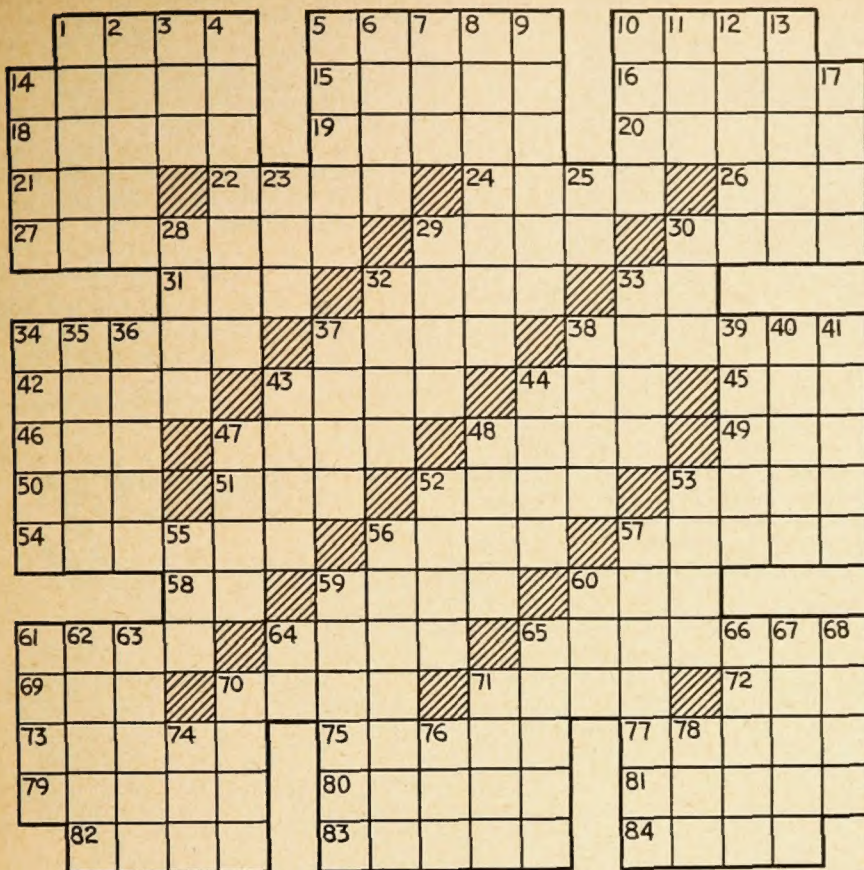
United Motor Courts, with Western headquarters in Burlingame, California, and Eastern headquarters in Gulfport, Mississippi, is such an organization. Federal Hi-way Tourist Homes, Courts, Lodges, of Minneapolis, is another. Cabin Trails, a handy folder published by Ray Al Walker of Haverhill, Massachusetts, and sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for mailing, is useful in picking out reliable cabins, cottages, and motor courts in New England, New York State, Canada, and southward to Florida.

But you can't go far wrong on either hotel or motel accommodations even if your plans are not sufficiently fixed to permit day-to-day and night-to-night plotting in advance.

As for eating along the way—east, west, north, south—I think perhaps I had better not get my teeth into that subject. If I do, first thing I know I'll be taking another cross-country motor trip myself!

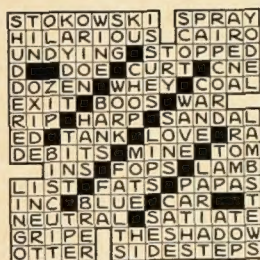
THE END

CROSSWORDS by Lee Pasquin



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pace
- 5 Bundle (pl.)
- 10 Fish
- 14 Task
- 15 Like an old woman
- 16 Variety of chalcedony
- 18 Disliked intensely
- 19 Lassoer
- 20 New supply
- 21 Lengthen; stretch out
- 22 Word of ratification
- 24 Blood vessel
- 26 Part of to be
- 27 Woman (pl.)
- 29 Tilt
- 30 Poem (pl.)
- 31 Permit
- 32 East Indian fiber
- 33 Pronoun
- 34 Wanderer
- 37 Provisions of a table
- 38 Ostentatious display
- 42 Mimics
- 43 Current
- 44 Small child
- 45 Stay behind
- 46 Color
- 47 Sharpen
- 48 Brake on a wheel
- 49 Anger
- 50 Period
- 51 Conjunction
- 52 Stamp or die
- 53 Evening (pl.)
- 54 Like salt
- 56 Interjection
- 57 Fortunate
- 58 An alleged force
- 59 Harvest
- 60 Matter in an aeriform state
- 61 With little fat
- 64 Medley



Last week's answer

- 65 Unbeliever
- 69 Complete
- 70 Press
- 71 Roman patriot
- 72 Collection of notable sayings
- 73 Image (pl.)
- 75 Part of a stable
- 77 Specifies
- 79 Cloth
- 80 Weird
- 81 Put forth effort
- 82 Steeps in water
- 83 Snares
- 84 Examination

VERTICAL

- 1 Agitate
- 2 Guardian spirit
- 3 Before
- 4 Pumped, as an organ
- 5 Reveals
- 6 Soon
- 7 Part of the face
- 8 Raise
- 9 Placid
- 10 Stable
- 11 Era
- 12 Vegetable dish
- 13 Gaze intently
- 14 Cook
- 17 Scrutinizes
- 23 Encountered
- 25 Pronoun
- 28 Exclamation
- 29 Remedy
- 30 Above (poetic)
- 32 Disreputable woman
- 33 Spouse
- 34 Nostrils
- 35 Musical drama
- 36 Metal decoration
- 37 Discover
- 38 Pond
- 39 Sensitive
- 40 Has courage
- 41 Void
- 43 Quality of the voice
- 44 Melt
- 47 Style of writing
- 48 Ooze out slowly
- 52 Away
- 53 Or
- 55 Atom bearing an electric charge
- 56 Composer
- 57 Hereditary title
- 59 Place for household storage
- 60 Procure
- 61 Placed
- 62 Older
- 63 Without company
- 64 Else
- 65 Drags
- 66 Subdues
- 67 Motionless
- 68 Throw
- 70 Theory (pl.)
- 71 Shear
- 74 Illuminated
- 76 Macaw
- 78 Tool

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

WHEN YOUR EYES ARE TIRED DO THIS

When your eyes are tired — from overwork, movies, lack of sleep—do this: use soothing Murine, the scientific blend of seven ingredients which soothes and cleanses burning, irritated eyes quickly, easily.

Use just two drops in each eye. It's easy. Right away all seven Murine ingredients go to work to bring your eyes quick relief! And because you need only two drops, Murine is more convenient, more economical. You don't have to bother with wasteful eye cups.

Murine is alkaline—as mild as a tear. So pure and gentle it is used in the delicate eyes of infants. Start today to soothe and cleanse your eyes night and morning with Murine. Find out for yourself how quickly and easily you get relief from the discomfort of tired eyes with Murine.



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by using

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A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin tones. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to flake off the older, darkened surface skin in minute, almost invisible particles, revealing the fairer, younger-looking underskin. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.



Shake into your Shoes

And Sprinkle in the Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

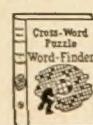
Dust soothing, refreshing Foot-Ease on your feet, between your toes. It absorbs perspiration and its antiseptic qualities guard against "Athlete's Foot". Allen's Foot-Ease relieves tired, tender, smarting, swollen feet, and eases the pinch and pressure of new shoes. Dance and walk in comfort. Sold everywhere in two sizes. For generous FREE Sample and Walking Doll write Department B.

Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, New York

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Face to Face and Voice to Voice with the Dead?



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FULTON OURSLER

FOR FORTY years I have been actively interested in what is called psychic phenomena. That is to say I have been beguiled by the possibility that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The mystery of telepathy, of clairvoyance and clairaudience, of

psychometry, of apparitions of the dead and ghosts of the living—the whole vast scope of the occult, the mystical, was my private oyster. I read thousands of books and manuscripts, attended hundreds of séances with mediums of all kinds and in all parts of the country. I really gave a lot of time that will never come back to me to seeking the truth in these matters—and evermore I came out that same door wherein I went. Nevertheless I remained a benevolent, never a bitter, skeptic. I was not even completely that; I have seen too many strange things, too much has happened to me that I could not explain by natural law, as natural law is presently understood. However, I had found no completely satisfying proof of anything beyond telepathy or, perhaps, psychometry. Now comes a confrere of the writing field, a man to be believed, Mr. Stewart Edward White, and writes a book in which he declares that he has talked with the dead. So he joins a bright company—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, and many others. His book, *The Unobstructed Universe*, is so startling in its narrative of what happened to Mr. White and his friends, and so exciting in its interpretation of those happenings, that we feel the millions of Liberty's readers should know the facts as the author earnestly and thrillingly relates them. That is why *The Unobstructed Universe*, by Stewart Edward White, begins in Liberty next week. I do hope you all find it as fascinating as I did.

THE WHOLE ISSUE

next week is selected with an eye to giving you information, entertainment, and what we like to call inspiration. Among the leading features will be: *Fifth Avenue Hero*, by Fred Allhoff, a thrilling saga of friendship and courage; a provocative sports article in which Jerry D. Lewis climbs 'way out on the proverbial baseball limb and picks the major-league winners for 1941; *Famine in Europe—What Will It Mean?* by Morris Markey; a thought-provoking article by Channing Pollock, *Why Hate the Man Who Gets Ahead?* a timely quiz on the Navy, by Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr.; two highly entertaining short stories, *Lady in Mink*, by Wallace Irwin; and *Sally Mc-*

Carthy and the Paths of Glory, by John Rhodes Sturdy; besides the usual generous installments of the current serials.

SALMAGUNDI:

Cecil F. Holman of 917 North Monroe Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, has a letter to end letters on the origin of Salmagundi. Says he: "Suppose we settle for once and for all this 'Salmagundi' thing. It is neither fish nor fowl, nor is it an Arabian edition of chop suey with Irish potatoes and Spanish sauce. Nor does it come from an ancient Egyptian folksong found on the walls of an inverted pyramid by Professor Thoddington J. Flutterfeather, who was really searching for the Ptolemy recipe for pineapple upside-down cake. Nor is it the name of a mysterious city in Tibet, seen only in this generation by one Jethro Q. Lumpbustle, a house dick for the Waldorf-Astoria who was in the East pursuing a lama mounted on a llama, who was, in turn, taking it on the lama after trying to collect the reward for finding Lost Horizon. Salmagundi is, if I may overuse once more the already overused word, definitely none of these.

"But, you say, come to the point. What is (if you know, and from the way that you meander, I doubt it)—what is 'Salmagundi'? The answer is, Mr. Oursler—and I hereby give the late Mr. Doyle due credit—elementary.

"Salmagundi is your own faulty contraction of a little bit of high-brow literature I picked up at the early age of three, after which I put it back down until I was old enough to read. So twenty-two years later I found in this book not a well pressed rose nor even the source of half the stories I read in Liberty, I betcha, but this hunk of enlightening verse:

"Salmagundi, born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday;
Married on Wednesday,
Took sick on Thursday,
Worse on Friday;
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday;
And that was the end of Salmagundi!

"In case you do not at once get the meaning of this intensely deep gob of literature, it means that the lug had a short life but a married one, and it was his own fault. Of course, you may say that the gent in question was really named Solomon Grundy. That, my friend, was merely an alias he used to adopt just to get Nazis to chase him. His name was Salmagundi, and so what? Do you want to make something of it?"

Who—me? —

From Josephine F. Drew, Santa Monica Avenue, San Diego, California: "As I have read Liberty for over six years, and expect to as long as I can see to read, I'm sure you will pardon me for telling you which of your pictures I

like most. Well, it is the smiling one; there is so much merriment in it one feels like smiling in return. I am a shut-in—just waiting." . . . From Herbert Green, Tokina Lodge, New York: "Dear F. O.: Please use that picture of you looking down, grave and thoughtful, all the time. Please take that smiling picture of you and throw it away—it's terrible!" . . . We, now—we want to please everybody. But how can we? One fellow—anonymous, of course, like all such cads, sent us a safety-razor blade!



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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COVER BY DAVID BERGER



In 76 years we've seen nothing that can match
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FOR FIVE YEARS AND LONGER, we've felt sure that the special whiskies we'd reserved for the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be extraordinarily fine.

We felt sure because of the painstaking care that went into their making . . . and because of the added knowledge, and added skill we applied to their aging.

But even we ourselves could not foresee the complete magnificence that has crowned the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses. It's whiskey finer than any we have ever known —

and we've known many fine whiskies in our time. It's a whiskey we're certain you, too, will put in a class apart and above all others.

So—no matter when you last tasted Four Roses—a new and thrilling experience awaits you in this 1941 Bottling. Won't you try it—today?

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

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